Week ending March 16 1957 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

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Far, far the mountain peak

by

JOHN MASTERS

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Children and the law

by **BASIL HENRIQUES**

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189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
CHANCERY 3344 MARCH 16, 1957 VOLUME 101 NUMBER 2646

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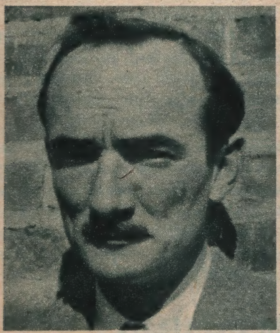
REPORT FROM THE EDITOR



John Masters—after the army, Operation Novelist

When John Masters, D.S.O., decided in 1949 to make writing his career he remembered his training at the Staff College at Camberley. In precise military terms he wrote down his plan of operations. INFORMATION: he had to support a family in an alien land, the United States; INTENTION: to do so by writing the story of the British in India during the last two hundred years; METHOD: to do this in thirty-five novels. *Far, Far The Mountain Peak*, which begins in serial form on page 9, is number six in the list.

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Two years later he was down to his last £20, and had a growing family—Susan is now thirteen, Martin eleven—to support. "My wife was getting ready to become a typist, while I had learned to iron Susan's frocks." Then the first of the thirty-five novels, *Nightrunners of Bengal*, was accepted, and since then he has written one success a year. The filming of his best-seller, *Bhowani Junction*—which we serialized in JOHN BULL before it was published as a book in 1954—brought world-wide fame.

Masters has spent the last few months lazing on a warm beach in Cuba, swimming and spear-fishing. He is well up to schedule with novel number seven—based on personal experiences in the last war—which is due this time next year. A staff planner is never late on the objective.

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Henriques, a member of one of the oldest Jewish families in Britain, with a sheltered background of prep school and Harrow and no contact with the poor, went to Bermondsey during the next vacation. After that he spent part of each holiday there.

He turned his back on the fashionable living which he had so much enjoyed, gave up his plans to be a publisher, and devoted his life to the children of the slums. In 1914 he founded the Oxford and St. George's Jewish Lads' Club, and now it is a settlement with hundreds of members, many of whom are not Jewish.

Today Sir Basil Lucas Quixano Henriques is a world-famous expert on juvenile delinquency and its problems. With his wife—they met when she was giving first-aid lessons to the original St. George's Lads' Club—he has worked for more than forty years in the East End. The Henriques have no sons and daughters of their own—"But we have hundreds of children and grandchildren," says Sir Basil. "For we look on all who have belonged to St. George's as members of the family."

To that family, Sir Basil is known as the wise and gentle "Gaffer."

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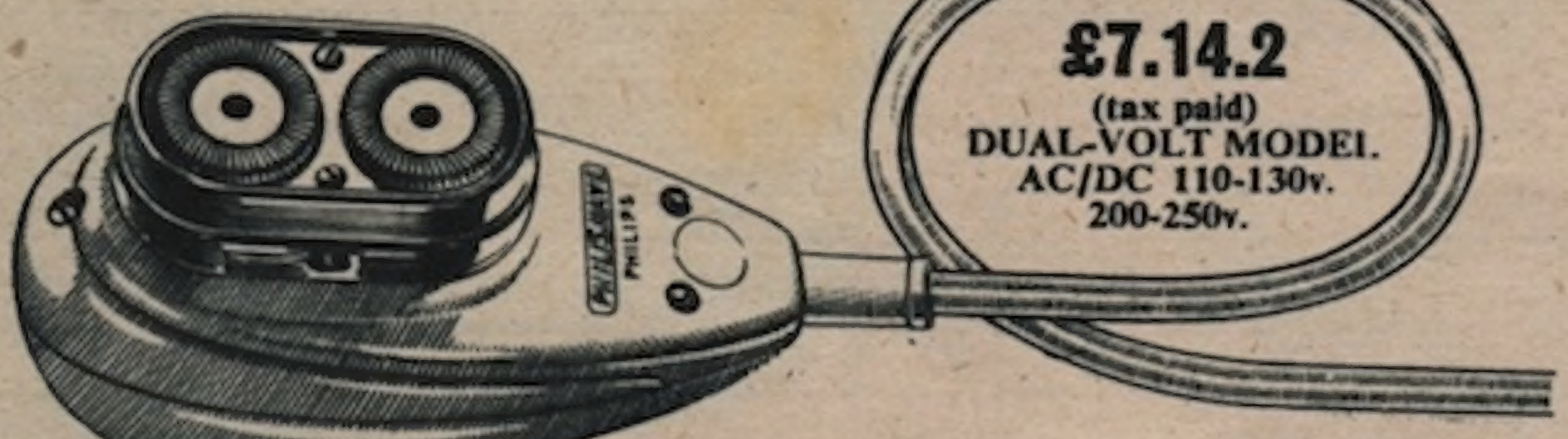
"O.K., chaps—after you with the 'Philishave'!"



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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

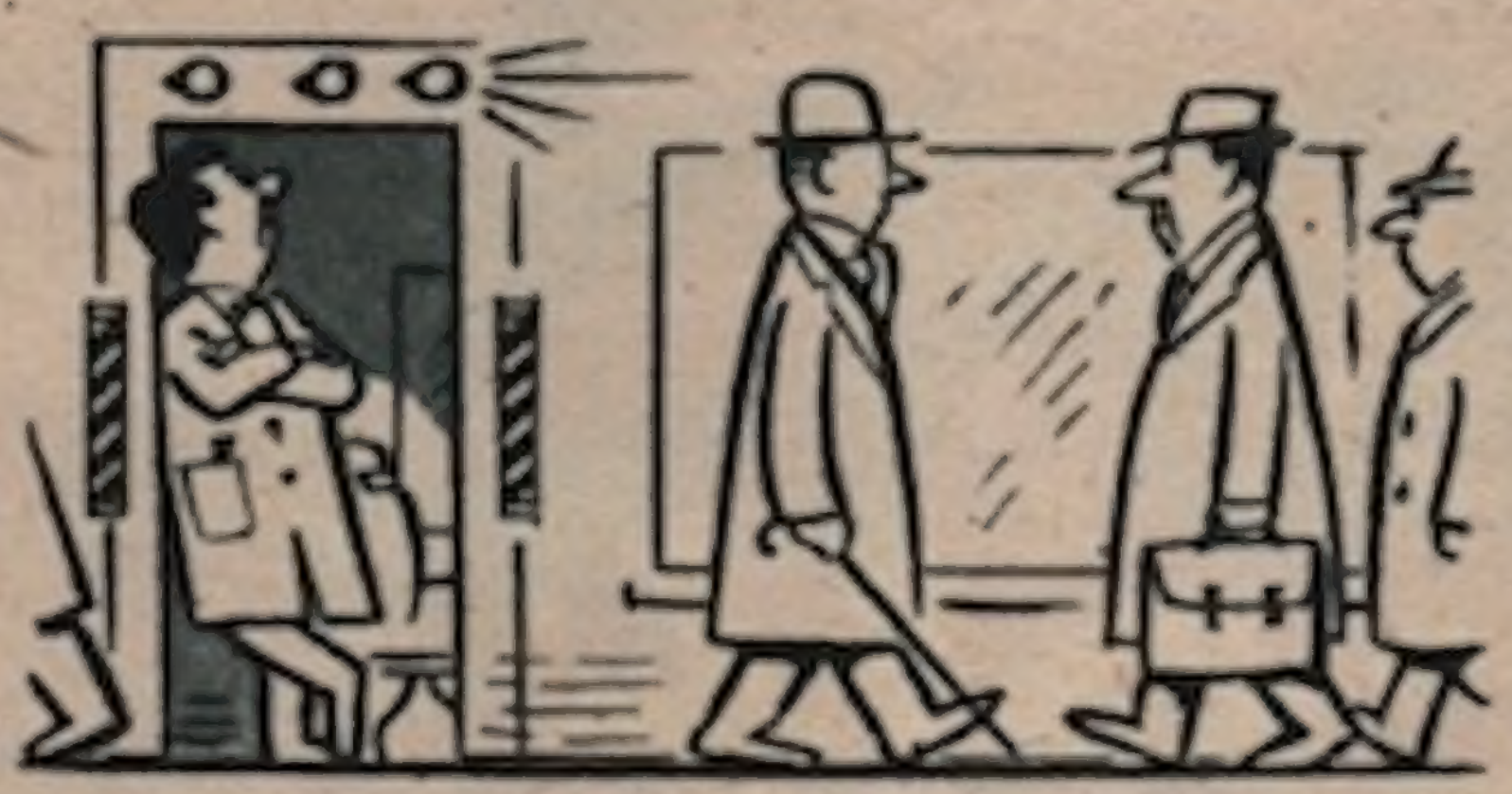
attended church to avoid complications. Now, after nearly thirty years of happy married life and a fair share of troubles, my husband has returned to the Church membership.

Can anyone say that such a marriage has not been blessed by God?—J. K. G., Sussex.

Clipping Time

The dentist's surgery with time-saving ideas ("Free Speech," February 16) reminds me of a hairdressing saloon I saw at Watchet, Somerset.

Three electric bulbs over the porch showed red when all chairs were full, amber for a short wait and green for immediate attention.—T. E. MARTIN, Plymstock, Devon.



Sportsmen Only

I am told that I cannot wear on my blazer either the emblem badge of my wartime bomber squadron or an R.A.F. badge.

The fact that I flew thirty-five operational trips with the squadron and was commended for meritorious service apparently doesn't qualify me. I can wear a badge only if I have represented the R.A.F. at some form of sport.—C. D., Nottinghamshire.

"No squadron badge can be worn on a blazer," says the Air Ministry. "The R.A.F. badge—worn by those who have represented the R.A.F. at a sport—must be worn on a single-breasted blazer. The command badge, for command sports representatives, is worn on a double-breasted one."

Pinhole Peeping

Recently, when I was without my glasses and had to read very small print, a colleague made a pinhole in a sheet of cardboard. He put it to my eye, and to my surprise I could read the print easily.—E. HUMPHREYS, Weston Street, Birmingham, 7.

"Images on the retina of the eye are formed of tiny blurred circles," says an optician. "When these are reduced to the size of pinholes things appear sharper. But the device might cause discomfort if used for too long."

Ceremonial Sale

If C. L. M., Bromley, finds signing a deed of sale a "fantastic rigmarole" ("Free Speech," February 16), I wonder what he would think if he bought or sold a house in Guernsey.

The buyers and sellers appear in contract court before the bailiff and two jurats, who read through the main details of a long and imposing parchment typed in French and sign it when the parties signify agreement. The contracting parties don't sign at all.

I think our procedure is much more satisfying, and so is the document when it reaches the buyers from the registration office a week or two later.—MRS. J. M. TAYLOR, Guernsey.

Choosing J.P.s

Recently I read a report that a Justice of the Peace remarked: "I can tell that you are an honest man. I know an honest man when I see one."

I would be interested to know what qualifications are required of people appointed to local benches.—M. L., Llandilo, Carmarthenshire.

"Names of suitable people—usually the leading local citizens—are put forward by committees of J.P.s, and are appointed by the Crown through the Lord Chancellor," says a lawyer. "New magistrates who have had no legal training are expected to take special courses."

No Numbers

Keith Ellis says that the Queen is the only person in the country whose car does not have to have a number plate ("Portrait On The Number Plate," JOHN BULL, February 16).

There is one other person who does not have a number on his official car—Lord Wakehurst, Governor of Northern Ireland.—D. H. NOBLE, Dundonald, Belfast.

Lord Wakehurst's car is registered, but because he is the Queen's representative it does not, by tradition, bear a number plate. This is also the practice in Commonwealth countries.

Hard To Take

A friend with heart trouble who is expecting a baby in hospital tells me that the food is not very thrilling and includes fried stuff, pastry and chips.

What use is medical treatment if patients are allowed to clog their systems with such diets, and how can they be expected to eat the right things at home? Yet the medical world tells us that health depends largely on what we eat.—MRS. M. BURKE, Broughty Ferry, Angus.

"Hospitals have to feed large numbers of people, and the food isn't always as suitable as they—and we—would like," says a doctor. "But special diets are always prescribed when necessary."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

So much for the suave, debonair man-about-town! In one disastrous half-hour he's been cut down to size by a dusty collection of old snapshots. . . . There he is, a freckled youth at the school sports. And there, on his tricycle for the first time. And now—oh, no! Not that one of him as a baby. Heseltine's cover Romeo has to squirm with embarrassment as his two admirers handle each picture with such loving care. But Mother just smiles. She knows that this exhibition of photographs can give a girl ideas about family albums of her own.

JOHN BULL
Far, far the mountain peak
by
JOHN MASTERS
THESE MEN ARE DANGEROUS
Children and the law
by BASIL HENRIQUES

Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

When your stomach is out of order, be quite sure of the cause before you start taking remedies. Work and worry often cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the only way to end this is to rebuild and restore your nerves.

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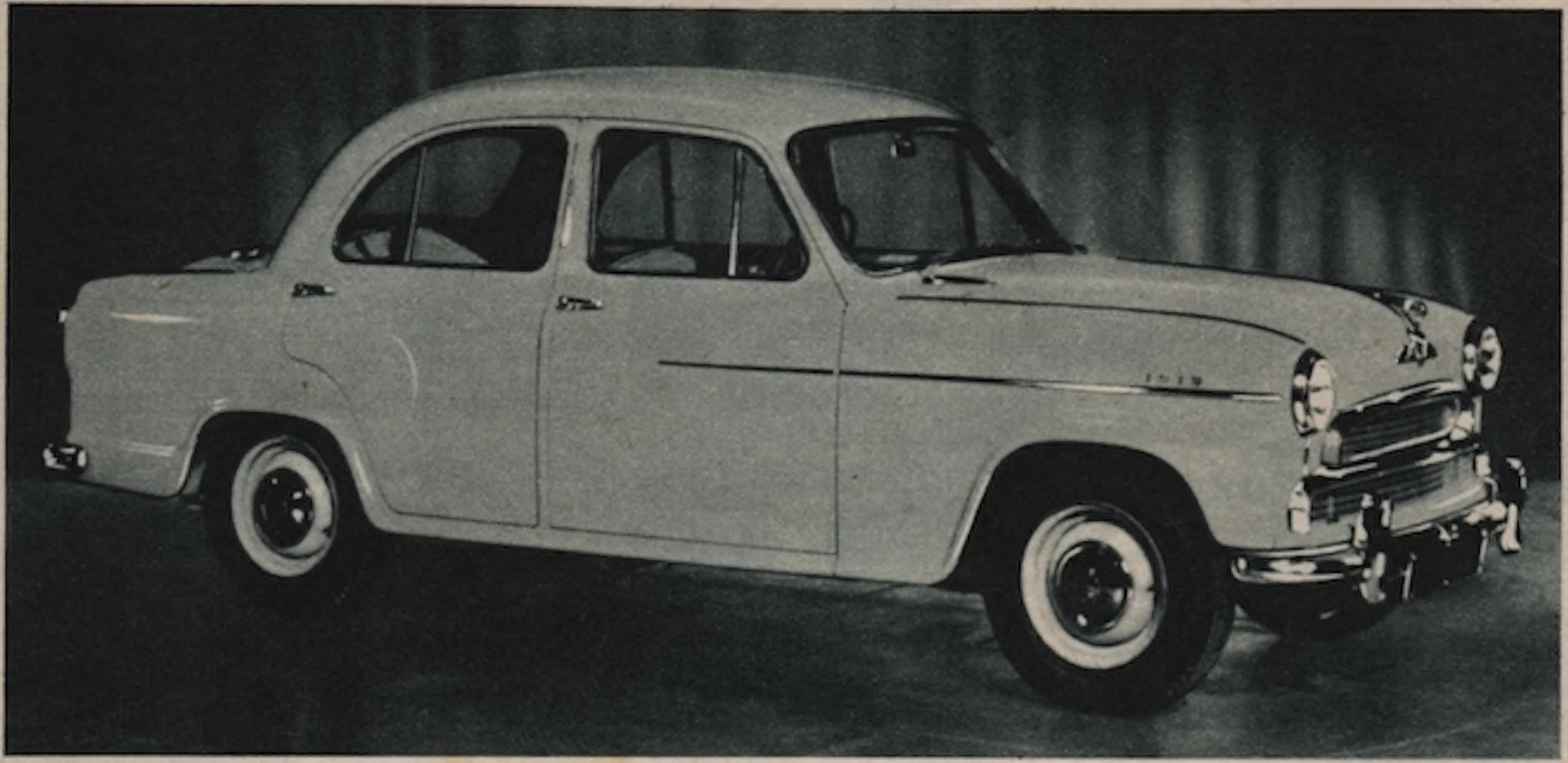

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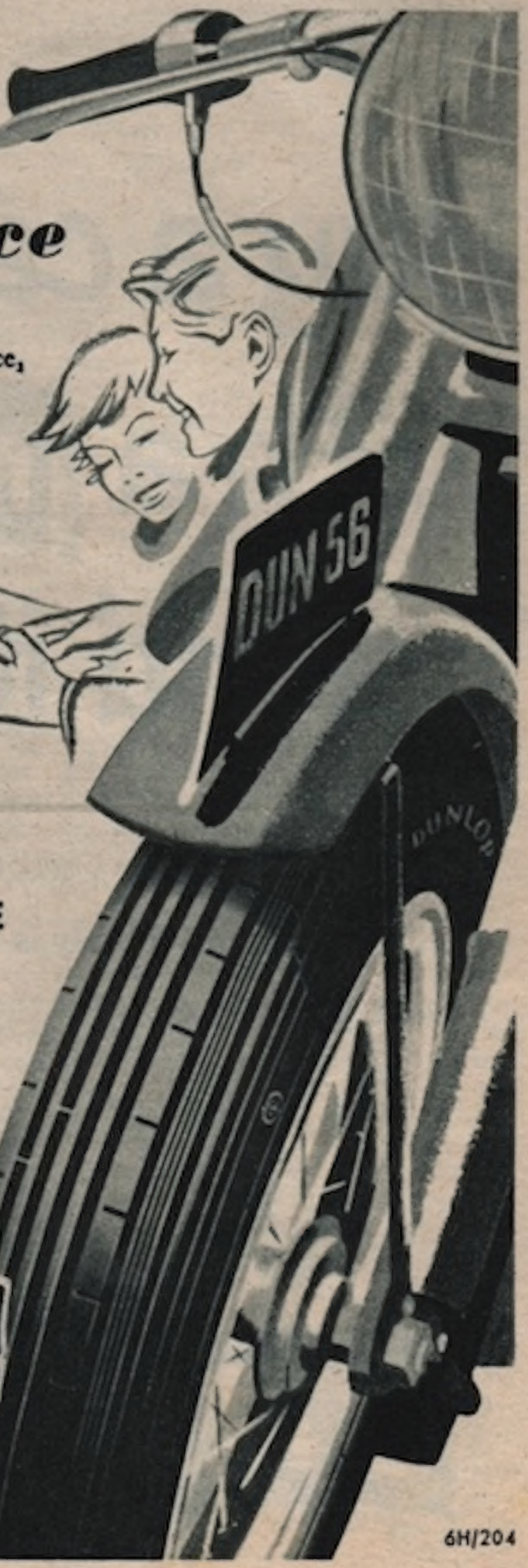


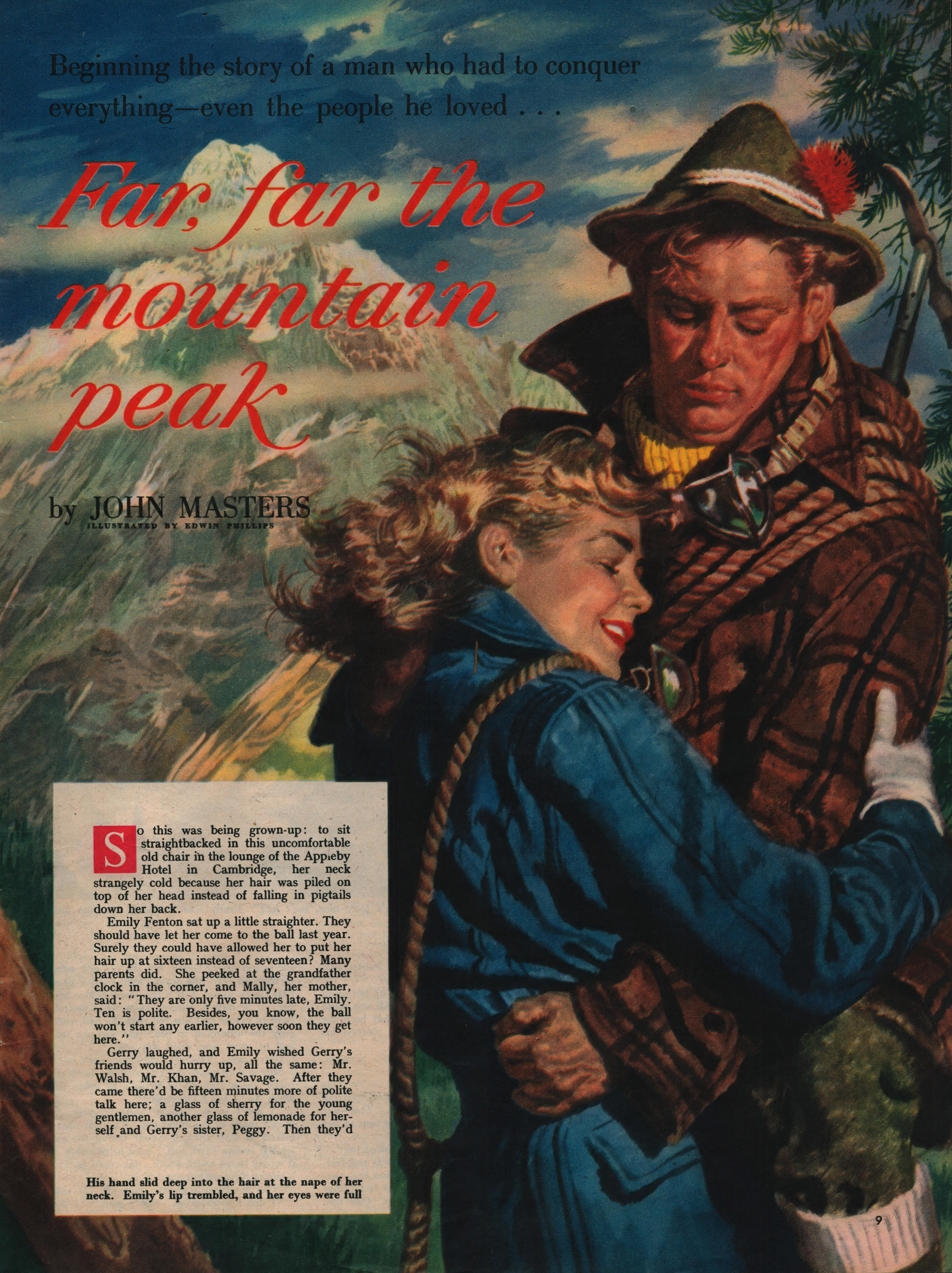
6H/204

Beginning the story of a man who had to conquer everything—even the people he loved . . .

Far, far the mountain peak

by JOHN MASTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

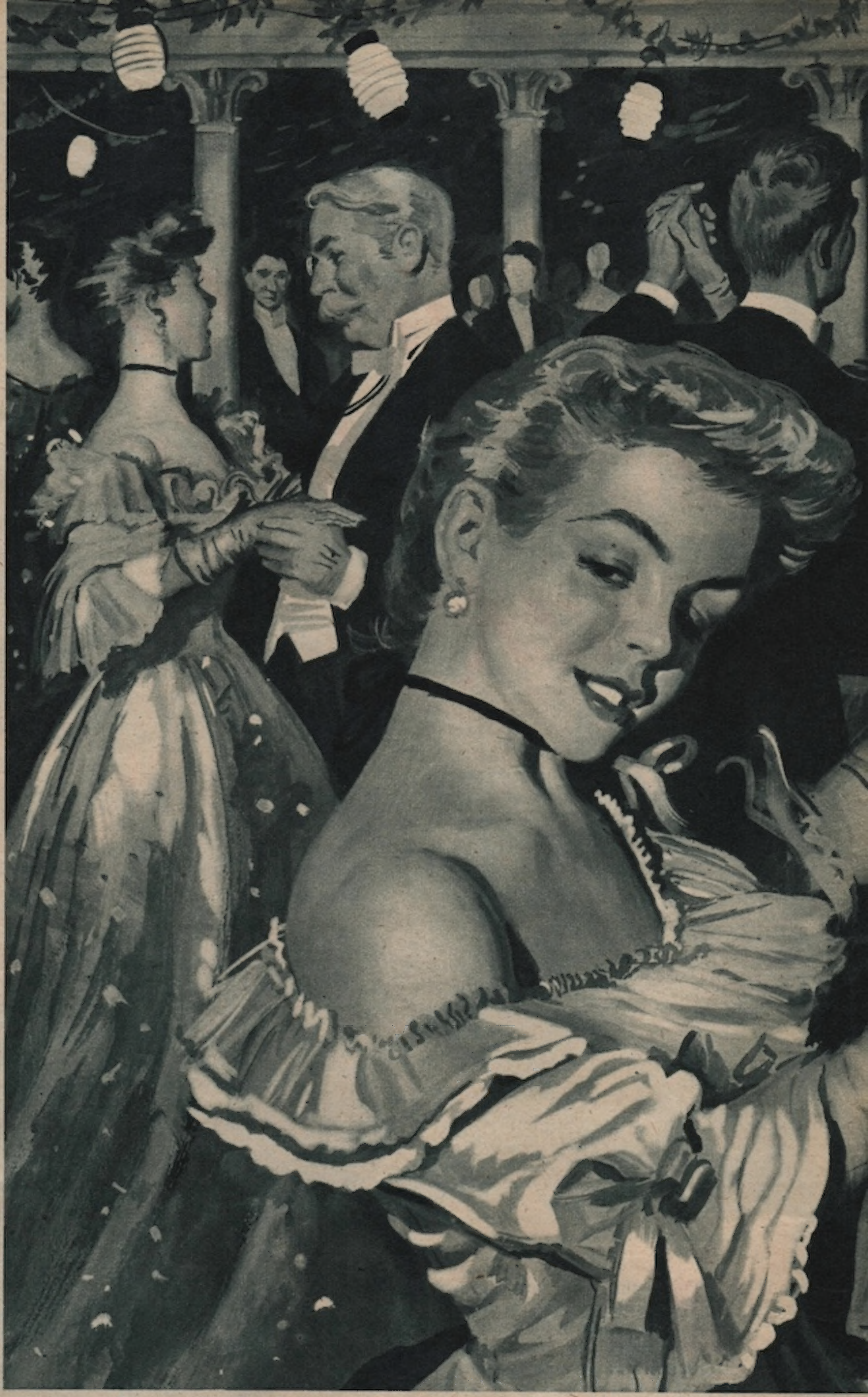


His hand slid deep into the hair at the nape of her neck. Emily's lip trembled, and her eyes were full

So this was being grown-up: to sit straightbacked in this uncomfortable old chair in the lounge of the Appleby Hotel in Cambridge, her neck strangely cold because her hair was piled on top of her head instead of falling in pigtails down her back.

Emily Fenton sat up a little straighter. They should have let her come to the ball last year. Surely they could have allowed her to put her hair up at sixteen instead of seventeen? Many parents did. She peeked at the grandfather clock in the corner, and Mally, her mother, said: "They are only five minutes late, Emily. Ten is polite. Besides, you know, the ball won't start any earlier, however soon they get here."

Gerry laughed, and Emily wished Gerry's friends would hurry up, all the same: Mr. Walsh, Mr. Khan, Mr. Savage. After they came there'd be fifteen minutes more of polite talk here; a glass of sherry for the young gentlemen, another glass of lemonade for herself and Gerry's sister, Peggy. Then they'd



Gerry said: "Peter's jolly nice, isn't he?" Emily was laughing, but she answered

go in to dinner. And then, at last, to the ball.

It was the May Week Ball, at King's College, Cambridge, in the year 1902—June, 1902, to be exact, but of course May Week was always held in June. Everybody knew *that*.

Gerry said: "Mally, now that we know you're not going to Zermatt, do you mind if I ask Peter—Peter Savage—to spend a week or two at Llyn Gared? I thought July would be best."

Emily Fenton's mother's name was Mary, but, ever since Gerry and Peggy Holcombe first began to spend so much time at Llyn Gared, the Fentons' home in Wales—and that was when they were all very small—they had all called her Mally.

Mally said: "I think you'd better wait till I've had a chance to meet Mr. Savage, Gerry. It isn't often that we disapprove of your heroes, but it has happened."

"I think it would be nice," Peggy blurted out suddenly. She went scarlet.

Mally said: "We'll take that into account. What do you find so wonderful about this young man?"

Peggy mumbled: "Oh, he's all right. He's a jolly good dancer."

"How nice!" Mally said. "Even though there are no opportunities to dance during July at Llyn Gared."

"Oh, don't tease her, Mally," Gerry said. "She likes Peter, the same as I do."

"Where does he usually go?" Mally asked.

Gerry said: "He spends most of his time with his grandfather, an old retired general with side-whiskers. He's a nice old bird, but Peter won't want to spend the whole long vac with him."

Emily wasn't listening. So, she thought, her friend and almost-sister Peggy, Lady Margaret Cowley Holcombe, had a mash on this unknown Peter Savage—deceitful of her to have concealed it since Christmas; rather clever, too, much cleverer than Peggy usually was; perhaps it was an important mash.

GERALD COWLEY HOLCOMBE, Viscount Manningford, also had a mash on Peter Savage, or whatever you called it when men became great friends and each thought the other was the most marvellous, wonderful person on earth; but Gerry hadn't tried to hide what he felt.

Gerry said: "Here they are. Only one. It must be Harry Walsh."

The young man who came in was short and broad of shoulder, narrow-hipped in the tight tail coat. Two more men followed. Gerry turned and hurried towards them. When he came back, his hand was resting on the shoulder of one of the new arrivals—Peter Savage—a tall man, but not as tall as Gerry; thin-faced, with a rather wide mouth, thin lips and bright, pale blue eyes. The third, Adam Khan, was an Indian.

After the introductions, Emily's mother said: "Lady Margaret tells me you are a very good dancer, Mr. Savage."

"Lady Margaret is wrong," Mr. Savage said. "We dance well together, that is all."

Emily thought: *Well, that's a flat statement: rather rude, really.*

At dinner, while the bent old waiter sucked his teeth deferentially in her ear and Mally signalled that she could have two glasses of Château d'Yquem, no more, Emily found herself sitting between Mr. Walsh and the Indian. Mr. Khan spoke very good English. He gave her a lot of information about Cambridge's town drainage.

"Drainage is a serious problem in Rudwal," he said. "That is why I am interested."

"You live in—Rudwal?" she asked. "In India?"

"In the Punjab," he said. "Rudwal is our nearest town, though my father's estate is a few miles outside."

Near the end of the meal Mally turned to Mr. Savage, on her left, and said: "Mr. Savage, Gerry would be very pleased if you could come and stay a week or two with us at Llyn Gared in July. We'll all be there—and Mr. Fenton and I will be delighted if you can come."

Emily sat up. So Mally had made up her mind that Mr. Savage was acceptable. All she could have seen in this short time was that he knew how to use a knife and fork, and cleaned his finger-nails.

Mr. Savage said: "Thank you, Mrs. Fenton. That is very kind of you. . . ."

She was dancing at last, and with Gerry. This was what it had all been leading up to, putting up your hair and biting your lips. This—she swayed away from him, felt his hand firm at her waist, and looked at his face.

"Is it what you expected?" he asked her.

She nodded. Yes, it was. She was not feeling quite what they had expected for her, perhaps, but *she* had known she would feel things differently when she was grown up. One day she would marry Gerry, but she did not want to be married yet. She prayed with sudden passion that Gerry would wait a few years before asking her. If he didn't, Heaven knew what she might have to say or do. She felt that she had reached only the anteroom to life. She was not ready, and he must wait until she was.

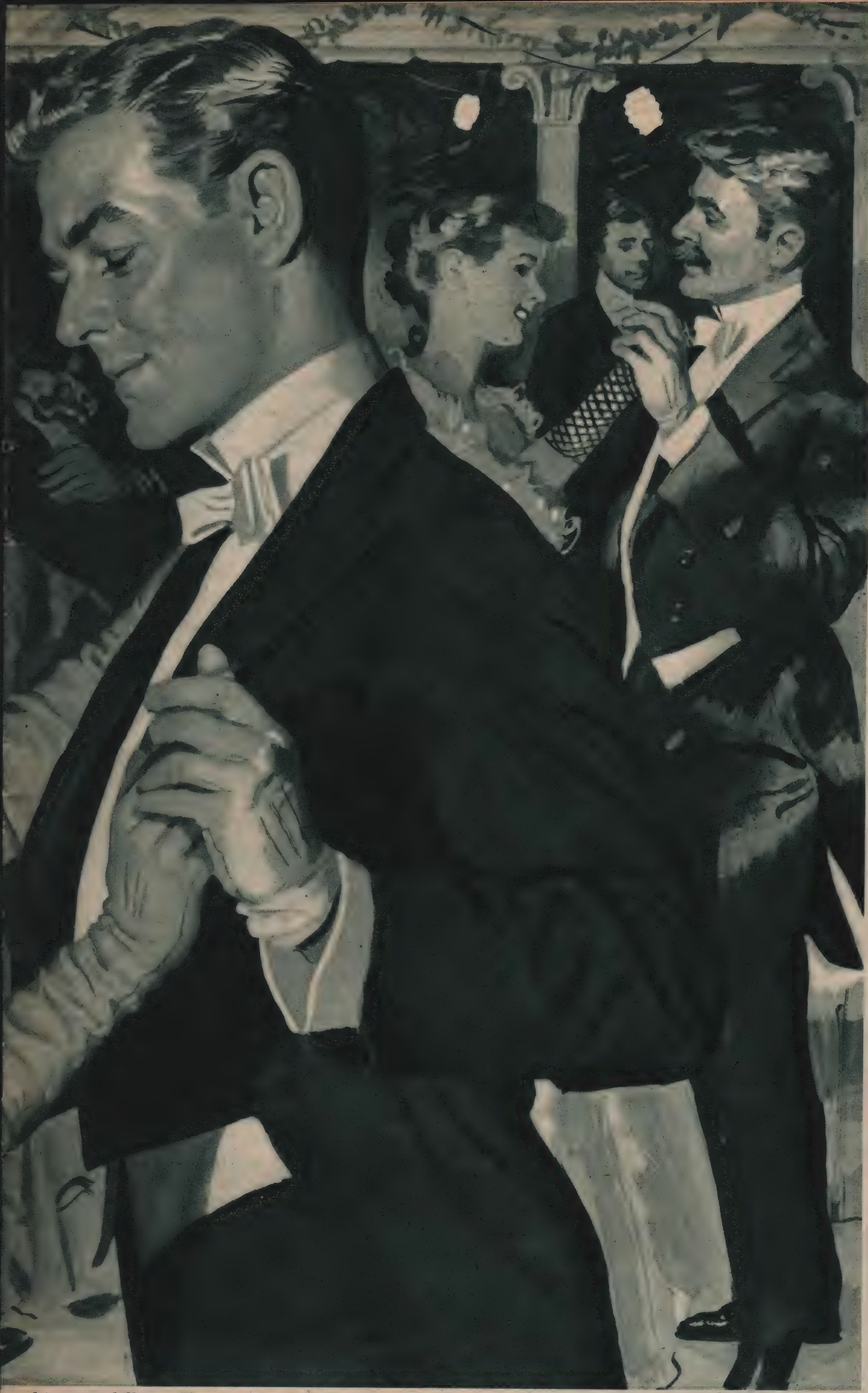
Gerry said: "Peter's jolly nice, isn't he?"

She said carefully: "I'm sure he is. I don't really know him, do I? What's he going to do when he leaves Cambridge?"

"I don't know," Gerry said earnestly. "He hasn't made up his mind yet. The last time we talked he was thinking about taking the exam for the Indian Civil, but I tried to persuade him it would be an awful waste. He could be Prime Minister if he set his mind to it."

"Can he afford to go into politics?" she asked.

"I don't suppose so," Gerry said. "I don't



him carefully. "I'm sure he is," she said. "I don't really know him, do I?"

think the family's well-off. I'm really afraid he's almost made up his mind to go to India. Most of his people seem to have gone out there for donkeys' years. Well, whatever he does, he'll know what he's *going* to do. Wish I could say as much for myself."

They swung out of the dance. "What do you mean?" she asked as they walked out across the lawn. "You know what you're going to do better than any of them."

Gerry said: "Of course, but—well, a chap's life seems rather pointless when everything's going to come to him. I mean, some day the old man's going to pop off, and then I'll be the Earl, and there'll be the estates, and plenty of money that I haven't earned. . . . I've a dashed good mind to go to India."

"What?" she said sharply.

"Oh, not seriously," he said quickly. "It was just something Peter's grandfather, the old general, said that made me think of it."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me, when we were first introduced, whether it hadn't been a relative of mine who was Governor of Madras or Bombay or somewhere, in eighteen seventy-three. It was, as a matter of fact. It made me realize I could be something that I made myself, if I wanted to be, instead of just being what came to me."

Emily said slowly: "I don't think that would be right, Gerry. The relative you're talking about wasn't the Earl, was he? Well, you will be. Is it any better to look after some Indians whom you don't know, than your land and your tenants, whom you do? *I* wouldn't want to go to India—if I were you," she added hastily.

Gerry said: "You're right, Em. And I wouldn't really be making my own way even there. It would be just that some governors practically have to be peers, according to Peter. It would be an awful sweat, and a long, long time, before I could hope to become Viceroy"

"Who said you could?"

"Peter. He was only joking."

"Oh," she said. But privately she added: *Was he?* She didn't think that Peter Savage made jokes of quite that kind.

"When he comes down to Llyn Gared I want to take him climbing," Gerry said. "He's very keen to learn. . . . I think he'd make a marvellous mountaineer."

"Yes," Emily said. "He's the sort who likes getting to the top, isn't he . . . ?"

THEY paused for a breather when they reached the top of the hill, and Emily turned to look back into the valley where her father's house stood. Llyn Gared was big and grey, its rough stone weathered by three centuries of Welsh rain so that the surface seemed smooth and caught the light.

Emily's father said: "There's Cader Brith for you, Savage. That's the east face, and there are eleven ways up it. According to these modern gradings, five are easy, two moderately difficult, three difficult, and one very difficult. Look, there's the Spire route. . . ." He sat down on a rock, the three young men round him, and was off on his favourite subject—after the Matterhorn: the beauties of Cader Brith.

Emily and Peggy unpacked the lunch and spread it out. "Lunch, Daddy!" Emily called at last, and then they gathered round and began to eat.

She found that Adam Khan had placed himself next to her. Peggy, Gerry and her father were taking turns in explaining more about the mountains to Peter Savage and snatching mouthfuls of food between sentences.

She said, smiling: "Can you see the Himalayas from Rudwal? I found them on the map."

Adam Khan said: "Wonderful! Yes, we can see the snows all the year round."

She said: "How beautiful! And when you come down from King's next year you'll go and live there all your life? Just like Gerry going to Wilcot?"

"Not quite. As a matter of fact, my father is going to be quite angry with me. He is old-fashioned, but he did convince himself that the Indian Civil Service was the best thing for me, and for the family. I was to take the examination next year. My tutor thought I would stand a good chance."

"There's a lot of competition, though, isn't there? Daddy said so. He wondered how Mr. Savage—Peter—could be quite so sure he was going to get in."

Adam said: "Oh, there is no doubt of that—but I have decided not to sit for the exam at all. You see, I had hoped to get the Rudwal district, though it was very unlikely they would post me there, since it is my home. But Peter wants to go there, and I realized that I could do more by helping him in Rudwal than by becoming a district commissioner myself in some other place. Peter and I have talked it over a lot since May Week."

They glanced over at the other group; Emily's father was pointing, Gerry explaining rapidly, Peter Savage standing silent, staring up at the jagged rocks of Cader Brith.

Adam said: "It is an exciting thing to be a friend of Peter's—but a little frightening, too, sometimes, Miss Fenton. We have a proverb, 'When the lightning plays about a man's head, stay close—that the rain may also fall on you.' The proverb doesn't say anything about being struck by lightning."

"Haven't you finished eating yet, Emily?" her father called. Emily got up with a start and hurriedly helped Peggy repack the hampers.

"Now," her father said, "Gerry and I may as well start up. We're going to do the South

Continued on page 35

Ambassador on a shoestring

by RENÉ LECLER

In the cold war at trade fairs, no expense is spared—except by Britain. Bill Kern's ingenuity keeps the Union Jack flying

THREE weeks before the opening of the Pakistan Trade Fair in Karachi in 1955, Bill Kern, who was organizing the British pavilion there, found that a rail strike in Britain was delaying the arrival of the steel scaffolding needed for the main structure. From his tent headquarters at the fair site near the edge of the Sind Desert he began hurrying his workers into laying the concrete foundations. They were working on the inner walls when the ship carrying the scaffolding docked and Kern discovered that no road transport was available. Touring the local markets, he rounded up eighteen pack-camels and, within a day, had the thirty-three tons of fifteen-foot-long girders carried ten miles to the site.

Two days before the opening of the fair the monsoon broke and two inches of rain fell within an hour. With water flowing knee-high through the pavilion, and corrugated roof sheets flying off in all directions, Kern spent hours salvaging model railway exhibits and mounted photographs and drying out fuse boxes. His men were still hammering dents out of the structure when the show opened. The next morning London newspapers called the British exhibit a disgrace. Says Kern: "Those papers arrived when I was still rushing around trying to prevent my untrained Pakistanis from chewing their usual betel nut and spitting the red saliva out on the floors. I felt like getting hold of my critics and knocking their heads together."

A bright, resourceful Londoner of thirty-nine, who is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, Kern is technical director of the firm of Auger & Turner, which builds British pavilions and exhibits in twelve of the forty international trade fairs now in existence. Unlike the governments of other countries, which lease sites and then hand-pick the exhibitors, often footing the entire bill, Britain leaves this part of its export trade promotion to private enterprise. Kern's firm pays for a site, canvasses British industrial concerns for potential exhibitors, builds the pavilion and runs it as a business operation. Kern, who lives in London with his wife and small daughter, is away eight months out of twelve, travelling an average of 70,000 miles a year, putting up fair buildings in places as far distant as Karachi, Zagreb and Izmir.

Designed in Britain, most of his buildings are erected on the site by local workers and with local materials, and though this cuts down the cost it creates many difficulties. Failing to get an English-speaking foreman at Karachi one year, he spent three weeks acquiring a smattering of Urdu, but in the end found that it was simpler to draw rough sketches on the sand with a stick and let his men study them.

"Local contractors always write that they can supply any material or service," he says, "but when you get there something is always missing." Once, in India, he had to mount scores of large photographs himself, and used a muddy well near the site as a soaking-tank for the prints. He has often had to install strip lighting, and has laid lino, tightened bolts on high girders, written signs and painted walls.

A shortage of paint brushes at the 1950 Zagreb Fair led him to improvise with tins on top of which he built a small paddle wheel which revolved as a handle was turned. When the tin was full of paint and the paddle went into action, it threw splotches of paint on the walls. "The blotchy effect was admired by my competitors," Kern says with a laugh. "They thought I had done it on purpose."

Sometimes he has had to change an entire colour scheme because a gallon of paint has been lost in transit. Often tools and other items of equipment cannot be replaced if they are broken. "After a while," he says, "you tend to carry every useful item with you for fear of missing something vital." On the roof rack of his car he often carries folding ladders and drawing-pins, sandpaper and electrical plugs. After almost every trip he finds that he has added to the list.

Kern finds that most workers in the countries he visits need no incentives and that working for a foreigner improves their standard. But in Yugoslavia he discovered that the gift of a screwdriver or a small plane accomplished wonders in productivity. Apart from a few words of German and Serbo-Croat, Kern speaks no foreign language and is always amazed at other people's zest for learning English. Once an Indian roadsweeper wrote him a brilliant four-page letter detailing his qualifications for a shovel-and-broom job and ending with the words: "Should you give me the position, the blessings of the heavens will forever rest on you." Another man sent him a letter addressed: "Her

Bill Kern lives in London with his wife and small daughter, Diana—but only for four months in twelve. Arranging Britain's exhibit at trade fairs takes him about 70,000 miles a year

While in New Delhi for the 1955 fair, Kern attended a Sikh wedding. Below: A pavilion goes up. Until it is finished, the rule among rivals is—no peeping

Kern studies trade fair plans with secretary Rita Cimino. His dread—mishaps in front of visiting V.I.P.s

Majesty's British Government, care of Bill Kern."

But in Turkey for the big Izmir Fair he had real difficulties: workmen consistently failed to perform tasks they had agreed to carry out. It was a week before officials explained to him that when a Turk nods his head he means "no."

A lively, humorous man who delights in challenge, Kern is fascinated by the international rivalry at trade fairs. But he reports sadly that, being the representative of a single commercial firm struggling against national competition, his pavilions are rarely the best.

Once, when two exhibitors cancelled their bookings a few days before a Yugoslav fair opened, he was left with a large empty space. He offered to bear the expense of installing a small cinema to show British films. His firm would have given the space and loaned the projection equipment. "But," he says, "neither the British Government nor trade organizations in Britain were willing to spend £35 on seating. It seemed that British prestige was not worth it."

RUSSIA, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Communist China and the United States usually compete in the race for popular following. At one Near East exhibition this year, the American pavilion offered free hamburgers and soft drinks all day long and ran a closed-circuit television network. At Izmir, two years ago, the Russians gave away thousands of small jars of caviare. That year the Russians were observed putting up an enormous building topped by a red star in neon lighting which could be seen at night from every part of the city. Needled into action, the Turks worked day and night for a week and topped a tall parachute-jumping tower with a neon portrait of Kemal Ataturk. "When the show opened," says Kern, "the portrait was exactly three feet higher than the red star." But for once it was Kern who won the prize for the best-designed pavilion.

Visitors stood for hours outside his pavilion, looking at a giant photographic layout, twenty-five feet by fifteen feet, of the location of industry on an illuminated map of Britain.

At Zagreb, this year, the Russian pavilion was exactly one hundred times larger than Britain's, yet was surprisingly dwarfed by Red China's pavilion. Says Kern: "There were some harsh words spoken about this at the opening party, and my Russian counterpart, with whom I have become quite friendly, swore to me that it would never happen again. Next year they would have the biggest ever." Directors of national pavilions, who often meet several times a year in different trade fairs, are almost always good friends; though, while exhibits are being built, an unwritten law prevents any director from peeping at his neighbour's work. "When the job is done," says Kern, "everybody throws a party. The Russians and Poles serve vodka, the Americans bourbon, the Czechs Pilsener beer, and we offer Scotch whisky, of which our Russian friends are very fond. Their idea of a tot is four fingers, neat."

Exhibitors book anything between 150 and three thousand square feet of space in Kern's pavilions at a cost varying between 25s. and 35s. a square foot.

Three exhibitors at a Pakistan fair once specified modern chairs and tables for their stands. Kern found that these were not available. Two weeks before the fair opened, he designed sets of furniture, bought the timber and got a local cabinet maker to work under his supervision. The exhibitors were delighted.

Exhibitors who usually arrive only two or three days before a show opens often ask Kern to erect their exhibits. One item billed as a road building machine, for an Indian fair, turned out to be a thirty-ton earth-mover, which took a month to travel from Bombay to New Delhi and immediately sank axle-deep in soft soil in front of the British pavilion. Kern had to borrow a steam roller to pull it out.

Normally a calm, unruffled man, Kern dreads things going wrong in the presence of V.I.P.s. Once, in India, he had to hold the opening party in an empty pavilion: floods had delayed the arrival of the exhibits. But he still goes hot under the collar when he recalls an incident at the New Delhi fair in 1955 during the visit of the Nepalese monarch. Interested in science, His Majesty studied an electronics exhibit in the shape of a small flat table with a hole at the centre and a golden ball bobbing up and down. The public were invited to catch the ball. As soon as a hand approached it, the golden ball dropped into the hole. "People tried all sorts of tricks," says Kern, "and it was a very popular exhibit." The Nepalese King, dressed in a handsome, bemedalled uniform, approached the table, read the directions, put out his hand and caught the magic ball the first time. He gave Kern a winning smile and spoke to an interpreter who turned to Kern and said: "His Majesty says 'So much for your electronics.'" "It was no use my telling the King I was in no way responsible for the mechanism going wrong," says Kern, "I could have dropped down that hole myself."

At every fair, Kern acts as host to dozens of important visitors. He has conducted several sultans, four crowned heads and at least six prime ministers around British exhibits and is probably the only Westerner to have acted as host to Bulganin, Kruschev and Marshal Tito in the same year. The Russian leaders, who visited the Delhi fair, shook hands with him but refused to be led anywhere. They made straight for a sectional model of the Bristol Proteus jet engine and asked questions about it through an interpreter. "Tito," says Kern, "is always a pleasure to receive. He arrives dressed in a gorgeous sky-blue uniform, often with his huge Alsatian dog at his heels, and smiles and jokes with everybody."

British pavilions are normally well attended, but Kern has only twice had to ask for police intervention. The first time was when large groups of Indian countryfolk visited the New Delhi pavilion and sat down exactly at noon to have a picnic in the alleyways. The second time was when the Queen of Nepal attended the same fair. She spent about half an hour looking through a viewfinder at a Central Office of Information 3-D exhibit of colour pictures about life in Britain.

As the days went on, more and more people jostled to look through the eyepiece, and Kern had to erect a crush-barrier. Finally he called the police to help move people through. Then he had a look himself. One of the colour slides showed a B.B.C. variety show being rehearsed. "In the background," he says, "were a few chorus girls changing into their frillies. Such a close-up of the Western female anatomy had been too much for my visitors." THE END

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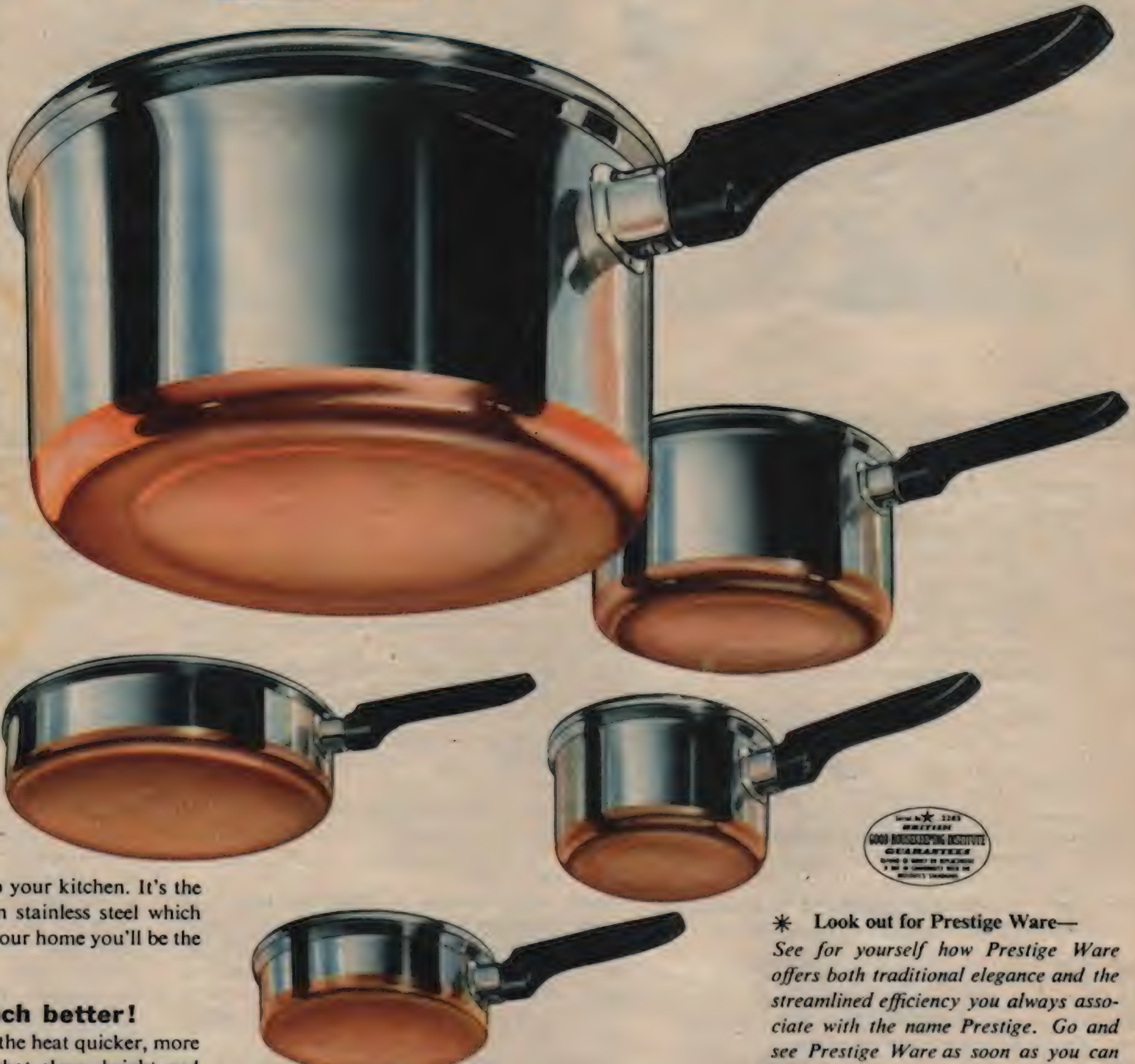

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Selling through the nose

by REX GRIZELL

With jasmin and goose grease and witches' brew, Brian Kingston can cast sweet spells—and boost sales

Kingston and an assistant prepare a new reodorant from his ten thousand bottles of scent. Below: with sons Nigel, five, and Anthony, three, he gets his wife to try a reodorized polish

SOON after a large bakery combine took over a number of privately owned bakeries the sales of bread began to drop. The directors of the combine could not understand it. They had modernized the shops, up-to-the-minute sales psychology had been employed in the attractive display of goods, their bread was hygienically baked by the most modern methods in a central factory and delivered fresh every day to the shops. Yet many housewives seemed to prefer old-fashioned bakeries; some even went back to baking their own bread.

On his way to a dinner appointment one evening, one of the firm's executives discovered the reason. He noticed a bakery. It was not one of the combine's; it was dingy and badly planned, yet he paused outside it. The odour of freshly baked bread was wafting out into the street. One of the most delicious smells in the world, and the one thing, he realized, that was missing from their own ultra-modern shops.

This happened in Austria. A few days later the problem reached Brian Kingston, a London perfumery and flavour chemist, who is an expert in "the nasal approach to selling." The bakery combine asked for a chemical which, used as a spray or incorporated in a daily floor wash, would leave its shops smelling of freshly baked bread.

Kingston, a short, fair, blue-eyed man, who is slow of speech, wary, and scientifically methodical in manner, doubted whether he could do it. He knew that American chemists had worked for years to find a satisfactory new bread odour to impregnate the greaseproof wrappings of sliced bread. But in a few weeks he was able to send off a sample. It was returned with the comment: "Austrian bread has a more malty odour." Kingston was able to add a malty note which satisfied the sensitive noses of the combine's directors. "I understand their sales are now picking up," he says.

According to Kingston, manufacturers and retailers of a wide variety of goods are realizing that a pleasant odour can have a powerful sales appeal. Consumer research psychologists have demonstrated that often, without being aware of it, housewives are buying one product rather than another of similar standard only because they prefer the smell. "Of all the human senses smell is the most primitive, and odours have a profound effect on the subconscious," says Kingston.

In one test, stockings lightly perfumed with a flower odour outsold stockings identical in colour, quality and packaging by three to one. Asked the reasons for their choice, buyers mentioned quality, colour and texture, but none of them mentioned the true deciding factor, the odour.

In another test ninety per cent of men questioned said that they preferred unscented shaving cream, but in a parallel test offering free samples only ten per cent of the men actually chose the unscented shaving cream.

All toilet soaps and almost all floor polishes are reodorized to mask the unpleasant smell of raw materials used in their manufacture. The active constituents in nearly all modern disinfectants are odourless. "With each of these products what the housewife really buys is a smell," says Kingston.

In his laboratory at the Walthamstow factory of A. Boake, Roberts and Co., Kingston produces hundreds of sweet-smelling compounds which can be incorporated in scores of different products at the manufacturing stage, all to make the housewife "buy through the nose." The compounds, which he calls reodorants, fall into two groups: those which mask an unpleasant odour from the raw material, and those which add a pleasant odour to a product which is naturally odourless.

Among the products for which Kingston has already developed reodorants are hot-water bottles—manufacturers report bounding sales for bottles which smell of flowers instead of hot rubber—fish glues and adhesives, paints and varnishes, numerous plastic products, including toys and shower curtains, textiles and foam-rubber mattresses which can be obtained in a variety of flower scents. Several dry-cleaning firms are using a reodorant in their cleaning solvents to prevent clothes having an unpleasant dry-cleaned odour. For packaging sweets, manufacturers are using reodorized glues which smell of fruit or chocolate. Not even dogs are exempt from this new sales approach. One firm markets a chocolate-scented rubber bone which has won canine approval.

Kingston also tackles individual domestic and industrial problems. He has been asked to find a reodorant for clothes which had a burned odour after a fire in the warehouse where they were stored.

Recently a small airline company set him the problem of reodorizing an aeroplane that was used alternately for carrying monkeys and human beings.

The raw materials for Kingston's work are housed in ten thousand jars and bottles, every one with a different odour, and among them stranger things than Macbeth's witches or medieval alchemists ever thought of. They include frankincense and myrrh, extract of turtle, goose grease, extracts of new-mown hay and tea, celery-seed oil and rare and costly substances such as civet from the Abyssinian civet cat, musk from the twenty-inch high Himalayan musk deer, ambergris (the beachcomber's dream; vomited from the stomachs of whales, it sells for as much as £50 a pound) and essential flower oils such as ylang-ylang and jasmin, which costs £250 a pound. There are also hundreds of laboratory-created compounds whose odours do not occur in Nature, and others with natural odours, such as lilac, which cannot be obtained from the flower and can only be made synthetically.

Among all these odours chemists know a few pairs which cancel each other; musk and almond, cedarwood and rubber, eau-de-Cologne

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Death of a lover

by CHARLES B. CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

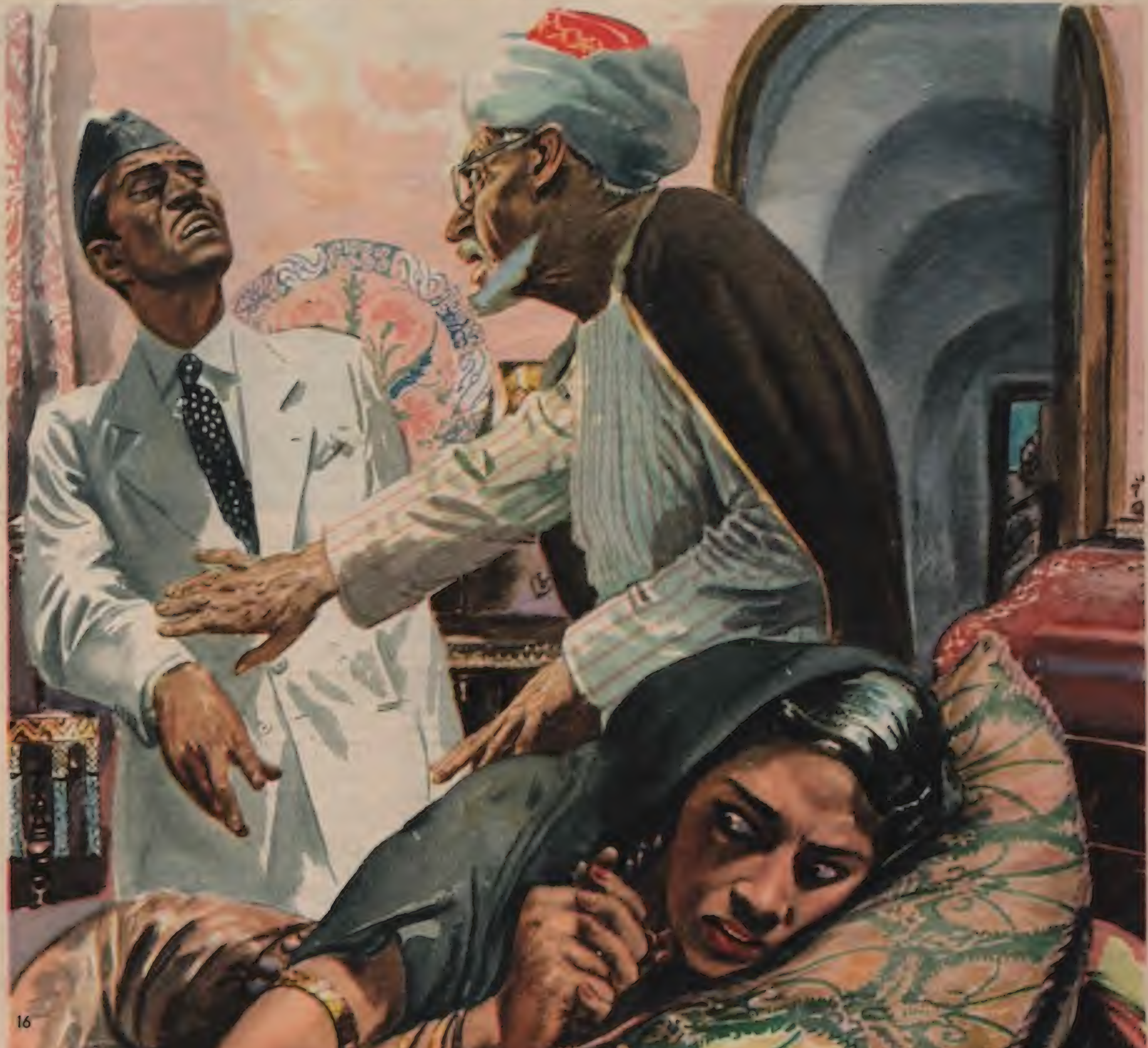
Here was a crime that demanded swift justice. Already the roar of the mob surged in Inspector Chafik's ears

NIGHT after night, for eight nights now, the fitful thunder of drums had menaced the mean streets of Kadhimain, a suburb of Baghdad. It was the time of *Moharram*, a time to mourn and a time to hate, to revive the tragedy of bygone days that had caused schism in the Moslem world.

This was a festival of creed rather than faith and dated from the fratricidal War of Succession that followed the passing of the Prophet Mohammed. His son-in-law was assassinated, his two grandsons slain in battle, and thereafter followers of the bloodline, who called themselves *Shiahs*, annually celebrated their ancient grief and fanned the embers of their ancient hate.

So now a pageant of floats passed before the shrine of Kadhimain, which stood aloof from the squalor of the quarter, golden domes and towers lifted to the serenity of the desert sky. On high biers, covered with shrouds henna-stained to simulate blood, were borne the "corpses" of the illustrious dead, played by the living with shocking realism. Each bier was carried by four bearers and heralded by a linkman who held aloft a crown of flaming rags on

The old man stood protectively in front of his wife. "She knows nothing," he told Chafik fiercely, "nothing at all. There is no need to torture her"



a long pole. The torches threw flickering shadows, and a murky glow hung over the scene.

The keening of the mourners was the moan of wind, their venom the shriek of tempest; madness sparked in the men gathered in the streets, and in the women watching from the rooftops.

Not far from the gate of the shrine stood a little man who was neither celebrant nor spectator. He was neatly dressed in Western clothes and on his head was the black *sidarah* of the modern Iraqi. Occasionally the light of a passing torch withdrew the shadows from his thin, dark face and his drab eyes took colour. His rather full lips dangled a cigarette at a dejected angle and he sometimes spoke to a dour police sergeant at his side.

"One regrets the necessity for so many corpses," he said.

The sergeant, a carving done in mahogany, answered: "Sir, but these are living corpses."

"To point a gun in play is a foolish act, and it is equally foolhardy for the living to point their toes in pretence of death. I repeat, my dear Abdullah, this disturbs me. God is not here. There is nothing holy about hatred." And Inspector Chafik, of the Baghdad police, shrugged unhappily. He was a devout man, himself a *Shiah*, but he knew that in *Moharram* a spark of madness could become conflagration.

Another bier emerged into the square before the mosque. As it passed through the gate into the great courtyard of the shrine, where the mournful passion play was to be enacted, a fanatic began to flagellate himself and the inspector gave a signal for the man to be removed.

There was now a gap in the cortège and the poorly lighted square was almost in darkness. The inspector and his companion waited uneasily: at length the glow of another torch was seen through the archway of a roofed street.

"What comes now?" asked Chafik, straining on tiptoe to see.

The sergeant, who stood head and shoulders above the wall of the crowd, answered: "I think it is the bier of Kasim, sir."

"Kasim," repeated Chafik, and went on as though quoting from police records: "A companion of the prophet's grandsons and also slain in battle. This poor youth died on the day he would have gone to his bride, so we have a tragedy dear to the hearts of our women. In a moment we shall hear them——" He looked up at the roofs where the women were perched black shadows, and as their wailing began he covered his ears.

The smoky torch, just within the archway, spat a shower of sparks and went out, plunging the street into Stygian darkness. Bedlam broke out as the procession halted. Then, piercing the hubbub, there came a cry in different key; shrill, brief and appalling, mortal. It came from where the bier of Kasim the Bridegroom was blocked by the crowd and was followed by strident police whistles.

Inspector Chafik said: "As flies to carrion, so people to the scene of an accident." He allied the authority of his voice with Abdullah's elbows and found safe passage behind the sergeant's broad back.

They reached the halted bier. The shrouded man, who played the part of Kasim, lay with knees drawn up and body contorted.

"What happened?" Chafik asked.

One answered: "He cried out like a soul flung to hellfire."

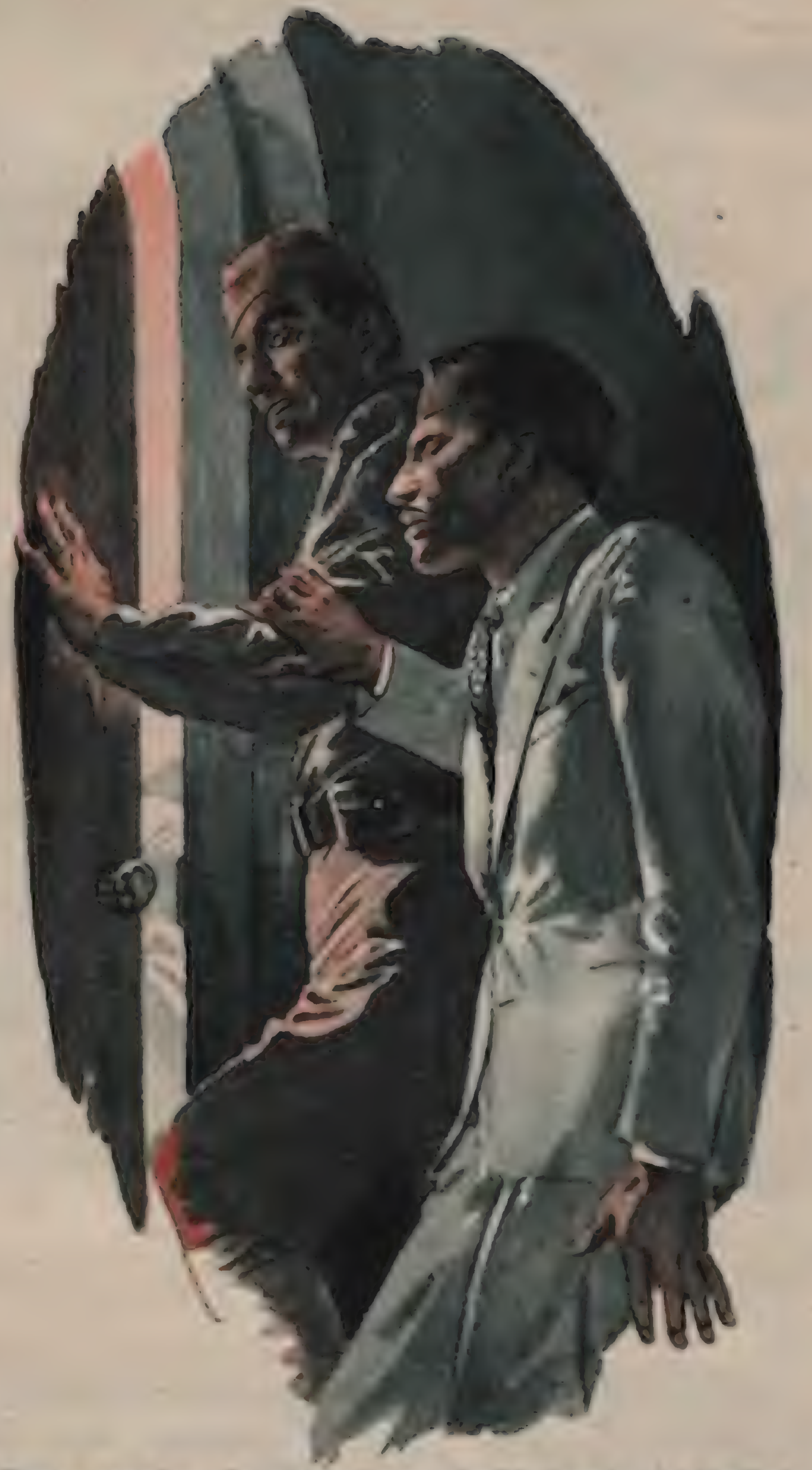
"Bring light."

Police torches illuminated the scene and the inspector made an examination. Then he said to Sergeant Abdullah: "This one plays the rôle of corpse too well. He is as dead as the bridegroom he portrays."

Abdullah expressed horror. "Could it perchance be the decisive effect of excitement on a weak heart?" he asked.

"The excitement was incisive, not decisive," Chafik remarked dryly.

The sergeant bent over the bier. When he straightened, he said with professional detachment: "I observe the incision. A pointed object, possibly a dagger, has been twice thrust into the left breast——"



Once again the inspector held back Abdullah from the open door. "Not yet," he said softly

"And so the corpse died twice," said the little inspector. "How very macabre!"

The police cordoned off the area and restored order, but beyond their lines the mob ruled the streets. Chafik significantly flicked a forefinger across his throat. "All that is needed now to cause a riot is a rumour that this man was killed by one of another faith or sect," he announced.

He looked about for the missing weapon and then told Abdullah to organize a search. A police officer identified the dead man as a neighbourhood youth named Ahmed Murad, who had been given the part of the tragic bridegroom because of his good looks.

"Fate was challenged when this Ahmed played Kasim," said the officer in a sombre voice.

"Challenged?" repeated Chafik raptly. He bent to pick up a crumpled length of cloth that lay near the bier.

"Yes, sir: like the bridegroom he played, he was to have been married."

"So? You wish me to believe the poor young man was destroyed by an act of fate? Superstition is not a luxury that we of the police can afford," Chafik added in reprimand.

"It was an odd coincidence. . . ."

"Bah! Coincidence is the inevitable crossing of one thread with another, a tangle caused by carelessness or a mischievous kitten. . . . Nevertheless, your information is interesting. Was Ahmed's pending marriage agreeable to both parties?"

"It was arranged between the families, sir. Therefore the question of the contracting parties' feelings does not arise."

"How justly you reproach me. I, too, am a father and must one day arrange my son's marriage." Chafik smiled as he thought of his son, tender in years, but already skilled in the art of having his own way.

He looked at the strip of cloth he had picked up and which he was absentmindedly winding round his arm; then he exclaimed with disgust and unwound it.

"Blood! How Ahmed bled! The hand that held the knife must bear the mark of Cain."

He continued to examine the fabric. It was rich silk, about three feet long and ten inches wide. The stain was heavy at one end and repeated at intervals, becoming progressively lighter, suggesting that the cloth had been folded and that the blood had soaked through.

"Odd!" said Chafik. "This resembles a muffler—but is it fashionable to wear a muffler with a shroud?"

He put his find away for later examination; a more urgent matter needed attention.

"That torch carried in front of the bier—it went out very conveniently," he said to the waiting officer. "Go and find the man who held it. His evidence may be more illuminating."

When the policeman left, the inspector turned to the bearers of the bier, four men of the porter class, who awaited questioning. He asked them what they had seen.

The head porter replied: "We saw nothing but a shadow."

"Had it shape? How was it clothed—in a gown such as yours, or clothes such as mine?"

"I thought it was robed, Excellency. And there was a voice, a whisper, that seemed to say: 'Ahmed, go now to your bride.'"

"Surely you mean 'Kasim'?" suggested Chafik.

"The voice said, 'Ahmed,'" insisted the porter.

"Describe the voice."

"A whisper, husky, I cannot tell you more." The witness hesitated and then added: "But there was perfume—yes, a very pleasant perfume, like a flowered garden where maidens walk. I can smell it now." And the man sniffed appreciatively.

Chafik, who held a handkerchief sprinkled with orange-water to counteract the evil odours of the street, guiltily put it away. Perfume was no clue to sex among his people. "So many of us carry a nosegay because of the lack of drains," he said in the hollow voice of self-talk.

The roar of the mob surged in his ears and he saw the police lines bending, almost breaking, under pressure. He saw Sergeant Abdullah hurry to plug a gap with his bulk. Tension was approaching crisis, and Chafik told himself he must solve this crime in a few hours, or there would be monstrous violence.

They brought him a new witness, a surly man who had the bloodshot eyes of a drunkard. His breath smelled of *arak* when he shouted: "A fine thing when I'm snatched from my devotions by a cop!"

The policeman who was escort said to Chafik: "He was devoting himself to a bottle in a doorway, sir. He's the man who was hired to carry the torch before the bier of Kasim and let it go out."

"That's a lie," spat the torchbearer. "I didn't let it go out, and d'you know why? Because I wasn't carrying it—I gave it to another." He swayed on unsteady feet and added with the cunning of an alcoholic: "You'll have to pay me if you want to know who that was."

Chafik said softly: "The payment I make is with stripes. Permit me to offer you this token of my generosity." He rose on tip-toe and struck with small, well-tended hands that lashed like steel whips. "Now tell me who carried the torch," he said in the same soft voice.

The man grovelled. "Master! I gave it to Hussain Talat. He——"

"And why did you delegate your duty to this Hussain?"

"He is a religionist, Master. He wished to gain merit by walking in the parade. I was touched by his request. . . ."

"And by his bribe!" Chafik said. "Isn't Hussain Talat an elderly man?" he asked the policeman.

"Yes, sir. He lives in the Street of the Seventh

Continued on page 30

THESE MEN ARE DANGEROUS (2)

I parachute into a hornets' nest

by DERRICK HARRISON, M.C.

The invasion was on and I was in it, flying to join the Maquis. Then came my orders to jump . . . into territory full of terror troops who would kill without question

Bob Melot flew with the first S.A.S. men to France saying that he wanted to watch them parachute. When they went, he jumped too

In Harrison's party of saboteurs was Sergeant McDiarmid, a dashing Scotsman. "I knew that he was a first-class fighter, game for anything"

My turn in the invasion of Europe had come. A radio message from Bob Melot, our intelligence officer behind the enemy lines in France, arrived at 2 p.m. on August 13, 1944. My squadron commander, Tony Marsh, hailed me. "You're dropping tonight. Better get ready. You leave at six."

Hurriedly I packed my kit. I had a carbine, Colt automatic, ammunition, grenades and an escape pack, plus £100 in francs and dollars for bribing the French if it became necessary. We of the Special Air Service had been offered the suicide pills issued to secret agents, but had laughed at the idea and refused them. Some of us were to regret that decision. . . .

For three weeks I had been at Fairford, Gloucestershire, locked in The Cage, a camp totally surrounded by barbed wire. When in The Cage and briefed, there was only one way out—on a lorry bound for the airfield.

Tony put a finger on a wall map. "You will be dropped here at Les Placeaux, about two hundred miles behind the German lines," he said. "It's almost in the centre of France. Trees and brushwood in a nearby forest will give you cover."

I was to take five men and be an advance party for the rest of the squadron, who would arrive later by glider in a big airborne landing to the north. I was to organize dropping zones and petrol pumps, gather information on local defences and troop movements, and send it to Britain by radio.

"What is known about the area?" I asked.

The answer was not reassuring. Les Placeaux was ringed by direction-finding stations which would quickly get a fix on our plane even before we reached the DZ.

Furthermore, there were hundreds of S.S. troops scattered through the surrounding villages, while in Troyes, the nearest sizeable town, were two thousand White Russians. These soldiers, unwanted by their own country, had orders to crush French resistance, and carried them out with appalling ruthlessness. I had heard about Marcelle, for example. He was a fifteen-year-old Maquis courier who accidentally met a White Russian patrol. They hung him, alive, by his heels over a fire and left him to die in torment.

"Bob Melot will meet you," Tony went on.

That, at least, was some comfort. Bob was among the bravest men in the regiment. Using the excuse that he wanted to watch the jumping, he got a ride in a plane taking some of the first S.A.S. men across the Channel.

Their job was to set fire to trains, attack road convoys and do everything possible to wreck the enemy's communications. Before Bob could be stopped, he jumped with them. Since then, he had calmly toured German-occupied France with a wireless operator and another remarkable man, Sergeant Duncan Ridler, an expert linguist. I could not have wished for a finer reception committee.

I had studied large-scale maps and aerial photographs, specially taken by the R.A.F., showing the positions of houses, roads, hills, fences and even telegraph poles around Les Placeaux. And I had selected my men.

The S.A.S. was a strangely assorted bunch. My colleagues included a fish and chip shop owner, a poacher, a dock labourer, a fireman, a prison warder and a merchant banker. Our ages ranged from nineteen to the mid-fifties. The bonds between us were that we were young in heart and, I suppose, a little crazy.

I chose Sergeant McDiarmid, a dashing Scotsman with a fiery moustache waxed at the tips, whom I knew to be a first-class fighter, utterly reliable and game for anything; Corporal Payne, a stocky, cheerful character with abundant energy; Lance-Corporal Myler, a close friend of Payne, quiet and determined; Lance-Corporal "Curly" Hall, who had such a sense of humour that when he was accidentally shot in the leg in Sicily by a companion he thought it rather funny; and finally Trooper Weymouth, a chunky, baby-faced youngster, anxious to live up to the reputation of the regiment.

Tony saw us off with last-minute instructions. "Lie low and don't call attention to yourselves. As soon as the rest of us land, link up with us."

He added what I needed most: "Good luck."

We climbed into a lorry. The barrier of The Cage swung up. Slowly we rumbled off down a lane.

It was a perfect summer evening, and impossible to believe that we were going to France. We arrived at a secret aerodrome on Salisbury Plain, had a meal of hot tea and sandwiches which stuck in our throats, and at nine o'clock, when it was getting dark, reached a dispersal point where our plane, a giant Stirling bomber, was waiting.

We took off at 10.14 p.m. The inside of the fuselage was completely bare. We squatted on the floor. A flight-sergeant had come as a dispatcher to supervise the jumping. "You can look out of the windows now," he said, "but I'll have to pull the curtains when we reach the French coast."

None of us wanted to look. In the eerie half-light I, for one, was busy with my thoughts and pondered the events which had led to my being in such an extraordinary situation. At last the throbbing of the engines crowded over me. I slept. . . .

When I awoke we were over France. The plane was bucking and wheeling. Behind a curtained window I saw a sharp, bright flash. German anti-aircraft guns were firing at us. But the Stirling lumbered on.

The dispatcher announced: "Half an hour to go."

I struggled to my feet and he helped to adjust my leg-bag. This was a canvas sack holding my kit and weighing ninety-six pounds. Strapped to my leg, it was to be released on a twenty-foot rope, attached to my belt, as I parachuted down. Although the bag was cumbersome, the idea of it was to save searching for kit on landing.

I was to be the first to go. I handed the dispatcher a webbed line which protruded from

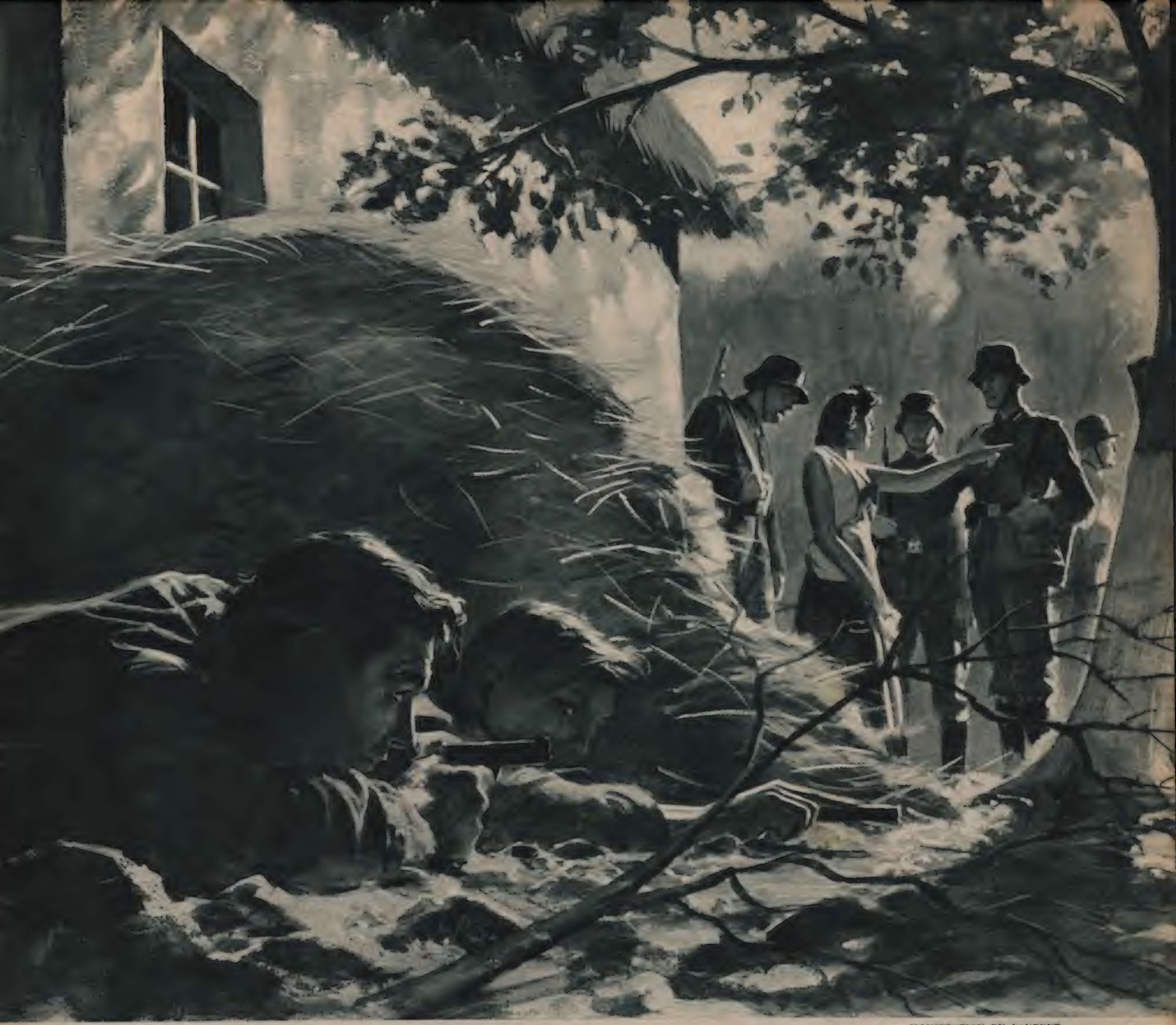


ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENT

Coolly, the farmer's wife directed the Germans away from the house. Bob and I clenched our automatics. If they came our way we would fight it out

the parachute pack on my back. At the end of it was a clip, like that on a dog lead, which he fixed to a stout horizontal cable along the inner wall of the plane. As my life depended on the line being secure and pulling open the chute, he showed me the clip in position.

"Satisfied?" he asked. I nodded. He moved to the man waiting behind me.

I glanced at my watch. Thank heaven it was past midnight. The date was now August 14. I was going to make my thirteenth jump and had not wanted to do it on the thirteenth of the month.

The dispatcher and one of the crew went towards the tail of the Stirling and uncovered a hole about eight feet long and three feet wide through which we were to jump.

A wave of cold air engulfed me. I looked down into the night. The woods below stood out darkly against the grey background of the fields. I spotted a distinctive U-bend in a lane. There was no mistaking it after the hours I had pored over the aerial photographs. We were near Les Placeaux.

I stood on the edge of the hole, clinging to a strut above my head with one hand and holding the top of my leg-bag with the other. My heart began to pound. The dispatcher yelled: "Running in." I stared at the lighting panel on the opposite side of the hole, too afraid to blink in case I missed my signals. Just as my eyes seemed about to explode with the strain, a red light flashed. That meant action stations. I tensed.

Green light!

I shot through the hole before the dispatcher had time to shout: "Go." The slipstream hit me with a deafening roar. I shut my eyes instinctively. The wind plucked at my clothes. Down I fell, convinced that the chute had failed. But it opened with a whipcrack noise high above me, and a jerk. Came silence, peace, and I was alone, suspended between sky and earth.

I had little time to enjoy the sensation. My immediate job was to let go of the leg-bag. I tugged at the release. The bag dropped away from my leg and I began to pay out the rope.

"Damn." I shouted the word. The rope had jammed in its sheath. The bag swung a mere four feet below me. I contrived to free the rope, but it broke loose in a mad rush and snaked round my left hand. The coil snapped tight viciously as the bag touched the limit of its drop. A terrible shaft of pain numbed my arm. My middle finger had been broken.

With dismay I saw that I was about to land.

My breath was knocked out of me as I sprawled on my back on top of a prickly bush of thorns. I forgot about my finger as I wriggled from the parachute harness and pulled my carbine out of the bag, ready for action. I was rolling up the chute when I heard voices.

At once I hurled myself flat on the grass. Low bushes were around me. The shadowy mass of a wood was two hundred yards away.

The voices came nearer. Two men in steel

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ACRILAN DRESS BY WORTH OF LONDON. HAT BY OTTO LUCAS. UMBRELLA BY ASPREYS. ACRILAN IS THE REGD TRADEMARK FOR THE ACRYLIC FIBRE SUPPLIED BY CHEMSTRAND LTD 8 WATERLOO PLACE LONDON SW1 helmets and armed with rifles were approaching. Were they Germans? Quietly I reached for the carbine. I decided to give them one shot each and dash for the wood.

With immense relief I realized that they were speaking French. *"Anglais."* I called out. *"Je suis anglais."*

The men were Maquis friends of Bob Melot. One of them took my chute and the other my bag. They led me through a hedge and on to an open stretch of ploughed ground which I recognized as the dropping zone.

The remainder of my party had landed safely and were dozing beneath a tree. Bob was with them. His face wrinkled into a smile. "Good morning, Harry," he said. "Dropped a bit wide, didn't you?"

I showed him my broken finger, which was swelling up badly. He suggested that the file —a four-inch strip of metal—from my escape pack would make a splint. Another of his helpers, a girl of about twenty-five, dark-haired and plump, stepped out from the shadows and neatly bandaged it in place.

"Get some rest while you can," Bob advised.

I settled under the tree. He, meanwhile, started to arrange the collection of a dozen supply containers, filled with ammunition, petrol and food, which the Stirling had also dropped. Nearly thirty Frenchmen had volunteered to do this work. Mostly they were farmers from neighbouring villages. The containers were loaded on to a jeep parked in a narrow track, and were taken to a lane where a couple of lorries stood.

When I woke up, thoroughly chilled, the Frenchmen had finished their work. There was no trace whatever of the night's activity. Bob got into the driver's seat of the jeep. My party and I climbed in behind him, and we bumped off along the track.

Three masterly story tellers . . .

ARTHUR MAYSE

On an expedition in North Canada a man of science expects to discover facts . . . not to see a **PHANTOM PRINCESS**

OLAF RUHEN

Below the dancing waters of the Coral Sea lurked sharks and desperate rivals. They were all **KILLERS OF THE REEFS**

DUDLEY HOYS

A lass like Mary would never take young Tim seriously—not while folk in Iredale called him **THE FECKLESS CHAP**

in John Bull next week

It was 6 a.m. Exactly twelve hours ago I had been at Fairford, and now I was deep in a distant, hostile country. In an hour, I thought, the alarm clock at my home in Wembley would ring, and my wife would make the early morning tea, unaware that this day was different from any other.

Bob swung the jeep out of the track and into the lane, where he put his foot down hard.

"Where are we going?" I asked him.

"A Maquis camp. The leader's name is Chevrier."

The jeep turned on to a path leading into a forest. Our arrival was expected. As we entered the forest two men holding leafy branches appeared from among the trees and erased the tyre marks which had been made in the dust.

We drove on for a little way until the path vanished in a tangle of creeper and thicket. Bob pulled up under a canopy of branches.

"Jump off," he said. "We walk from here." As we did so, I noticed that the containers were lying nearby, covered with twigs and leaves to prevent them from being seen from the air.

We stumbled through undergrowth for about three-quarters of a mile. Eventually, up a short slope, we came to the camp.

It was incredible. It seemed unreal—an oasis of orderly calm, absolutely cut off from the world outside. An area two hundred yards square, roofed in by the topmost branches of tall trees, had been made into a comfortable home for fifty men.

In front of us as we entered the clearing were the sleeping quarters, ingeniously constructed of arched branches covered with tarpaulins and ground-sheets. To the left were dining-tables and seats built from straight, cleaned branches, lashed side by side and supported on forked stakes. Beyond was a long trench fire, where cooks were busy.

Chevrier greeted us. He was tall, lean faced, erect and military looking in a khaki uniform of the French Army. I got the impression that despite his elaborate courtesy he was a man of great character and a strong leader. "Welcome," he said with open arms. "You must be hungry after your trip. Breakfast is ready."

He escorted us to the tables and chatted while we enjoyed a breakfast of black bread and cooked meats. Shortly before we had finished, he rose with an apology and went to his tent to listen to the 8 a.m. news from London.

His second - in - command, who also spoke English, took us round the camp. It was even more amazing than I had thought. The Maquis had improvised an armoury. Rifles were carefully arranged in racks. Two Bren guns, oiled and gleaming, stood on the ground. Near the entrance was a box of hand grenades, ready primed, for throwing at vehicles.

I watched a platoon doing arms drill as smartly as if they were on a parade ground. Then I felt thirsty because the breakfast had been well seasoned. I asked for water. One of the Frenchmen grinned. "Hold out your mess tin," he said.

He filled it to the brim with a colourless liquid which I drank in one draught. I choked. I gasped for air. It seemed that a red-hot sword had been plunged down my throat.

But the Maquisards laughed. They had given me pure wood alcohol distilled by themselves. The effects were devastating. I collapsed on the spot and, to everybody's amusement, had an hour's compulsory sleep.

Next morning, Ridler and I went for a ride in the jeep. We bulldozed through the forest and on to a lane. Before long we heard traffic coming and swerved off behind some bushes.

A pair of German lorries roared past. With a jolt I understood that a harsh world did indeed exist outside the security of the camp. We were in enemy-held territory and likely to be killed if we made the slightest false move.

After lunch I discussed the situation with Bob. "We need more men," I said, "and we need more transport so that we can start a camp of our own."

Bob agreed. The essence of the war we were fighting was to operate in small, elusive groups.

That afternoon my signaller threw an aerial up into a tree, and while I cranked the generator of his portable transmitter he tapped a message in code to London. I requested one of my section commanders, Lieutenant Stewart Richardson, and four men to be dropped where I had arrived. I also asked for a jeep.

Chevrier readily offered his Maquis to assist us.

We reached the DZ about midnight. Bob did the organizing and, since it was the first time I had been behind the scenes at a reception, I followed him around, noting everything he did.

Having found that the wind was blowing up the field from the track end where the jeep was parked, he posted men at hundred-yard intervals along the sides and at the far end. Six men stayed by the jeep to load the containers.

With Ridler, I helped to put three large bundles of brushwood, eighty yards apart, down the centre of the field in line with the wind. A man was stationed beside each with a can of petrol, ready to light the brushwood when told.

Ridler was to stand on one flank of the fire at the jeep end and flash the prearranged code letter "F" at the plane with a torch. By flying towards the torch, and coming in over the fires, the pilot would know that he was heading into the wind and that the parachutes would drift back on to the field.

The plane was due at 2 a.m. Fifty minutes to wait. Bob, Ridler, a Maquis officer and I sat in the jeep, chain-smoking. It grew colder and colder. I zipped my parachute smock up tight and huddled in my seat. The moon dipped lower and the darkness of the surounding trees closed in on us. At 1.50 a.m. we walked to the brushwood bundle near Ridler's position.

We were quiet now. No more whispering. All ears were strained for the plane.

Two o'clock. Still not a sound. One minute past, two minutes past, three minutes. . . . Faintly, in the distance, came the drone we had waited for.

Or was it? It might be a German aircraft and, if we lit the fires, we were certain to be machine-gunned. It had happened before.

The droning became louder. Bob nudged me. "Seems like one of ours."

I shrugged. "Wouldn't like to swear to it."

We fell silent and waited. The plane thundered in above us. We stared at the silhouette. It was a Halifax. With one voice we shouted: "Fires!"

The brushwood flared up and Ridler began to

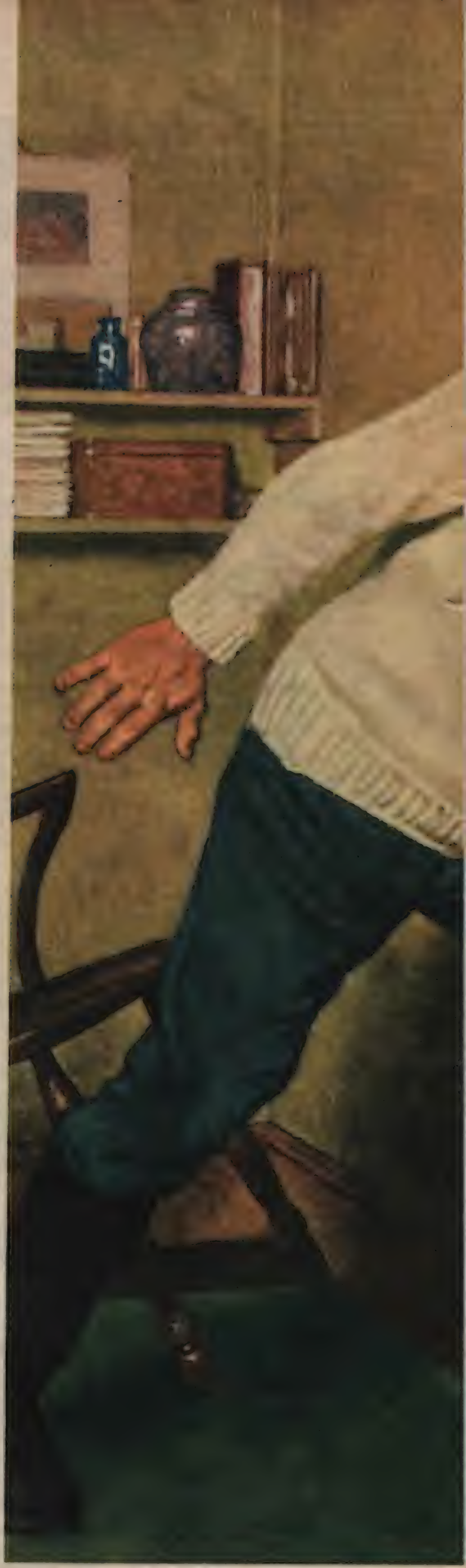
Continued on page 41

A mind of my own

by ROD McMANIGAL

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Tonight Mitchell was going to prove he was a man. The boat would sail to his orders



Tucker leaped out of his chair, catching Mari

THE two men loaded the kegs of crabs on to the van and waved the driver off. They stood in the road and watched the van run along the shore, then turn at the edge of the village and mount the road up the hill and into the cut of the valley, out of sight. They heard its engine on the hill, and then that, too, was gone.

"You go on home to tea," Mitchell Hayles said. "I'll fill the tank."

"I've always done it. I'll do it today," his father said.

Mitchell watched him go back down the beach past the storage drum to the boat. When Tucker Hayles got to the boat Mitchell turned, reluctantly. He moved off down the road, his step heavy in his gumboots, and walked along the length of the shore to the row of cottages and home.

When Tucker came in, Mitchell and his wife were sitting at tea.

"That was you, last night, wasn't it?" Tucker said.

"What was me?" Mitchell asked.

"This morning you said it must have been some kids that took the cover off the compass. Kids fooling around, you said. What kind of kids is it that takes four gallon of petrol out of the storage drum?"

"Come and drink your tea, Father," Mitchell's wife said.

Tucker sat down at the table. He took his cup but sat looking at his son. "It was you."

"What if it was?" Mitchell said. His face was low; he was blowing softly on his cup.

Marion spoke between the two men. She said: "If Mitchell was away last night, it's his own affair." She was defending her husband, but her voice was troubled.

Tucker turned slowly to look at his daughter-in-law.

"You keep out of this," Mitchell said to his wife.

"I just think it's your own affair," his wife said.

"Of course it's my own affair, but you keep out of it."

Tucker turned back to his son. "I want to know what you were doing in the boat after dark to use the compass and burn up four gallon of petrol," he said.

"I'm keeping it to myself," his son said, "so you may as well stop asking."

The older man did not raise his voice. "While I'm head of this house you're not keeping anything to yourself."

"I'm a grown man and married," his son said.

"Yes," his wife put in.

Mitchell went on: "I've a right to go my own way. I'll make up my own mind. You say we're partners, and yet you do as you please, and I've got no say. Well, maybe there's some things where I've got a say and you haven't."

The older man was silent. Marion spoke again. "Come together, now, your tea will be cold. . . ."

For the days that followed, the two men worked well enough together and things were between them much as they had been before. They put out in the open boat in the early morning and all day they worked together, off the open sandy shelf in the early light, working across to the western shoulder of the bay under the cliffs in the dusk.

They looked alike, with broad frames and square, deliberate features. The father's hair was grey; except for this and for the yellow oilskin apron which he wore, they might have been brothers with clothes out of the same drawer, their sweaters, cords, gumboots paired, and their twin caps, peaked and dirty, pulled squarely over their brows.

The son, Mitchell, worked from the bow of the boat, his father at the tiller in the stern. Tucker manoeuvred the boat in alongside a marker-buoy, letting the engine idle. Mitchell leaned out over the water and, with a gloved hand, snagged the buoy-bottle and the line. He hauled in the line, bringing in the heavy baskets one by one from the water.

He heaved each basket aboard, setting each in turn on the gunwale and swiftly, with the water still sluicing away, opened the basketwork hatch, extracting the crabs. The young ones he tossed back to the sea, and those of legal size and over he dropped into the open kegs waiting in the bow. Then he passed each basket in turn down the broad gunwale to his father, who as quickly jabbed a skewer of salted bait from the bait box, threaded it into the trap, knotted the hatch and put the basket ready for sowing again in the long string in the water. . . .

Then, one dark evening, a horn sounded two short pips outside the cottage. Mitchell went out and returned again soon after.

Tucker looked at his son, inquiring.

"Nothing," Mitchell said. "Somebody wanting the way to the hotel."

"A queer season for the hotel," his father said, his eyes on his son. Marion looked at her husband and went on with her sewing.

They stayed up late by the fire. Mitchell sat restlessly in his chair. Tucker watched the old wooden clock over the fireplace. Mitchell looked several times at his father.

Finally, Tucker spoke. "It's no good, son. You're not going out tonight."

"What do you mean?" his son said.

"I mean to stop you, that's what I mean. . . . You going to bed, son?"

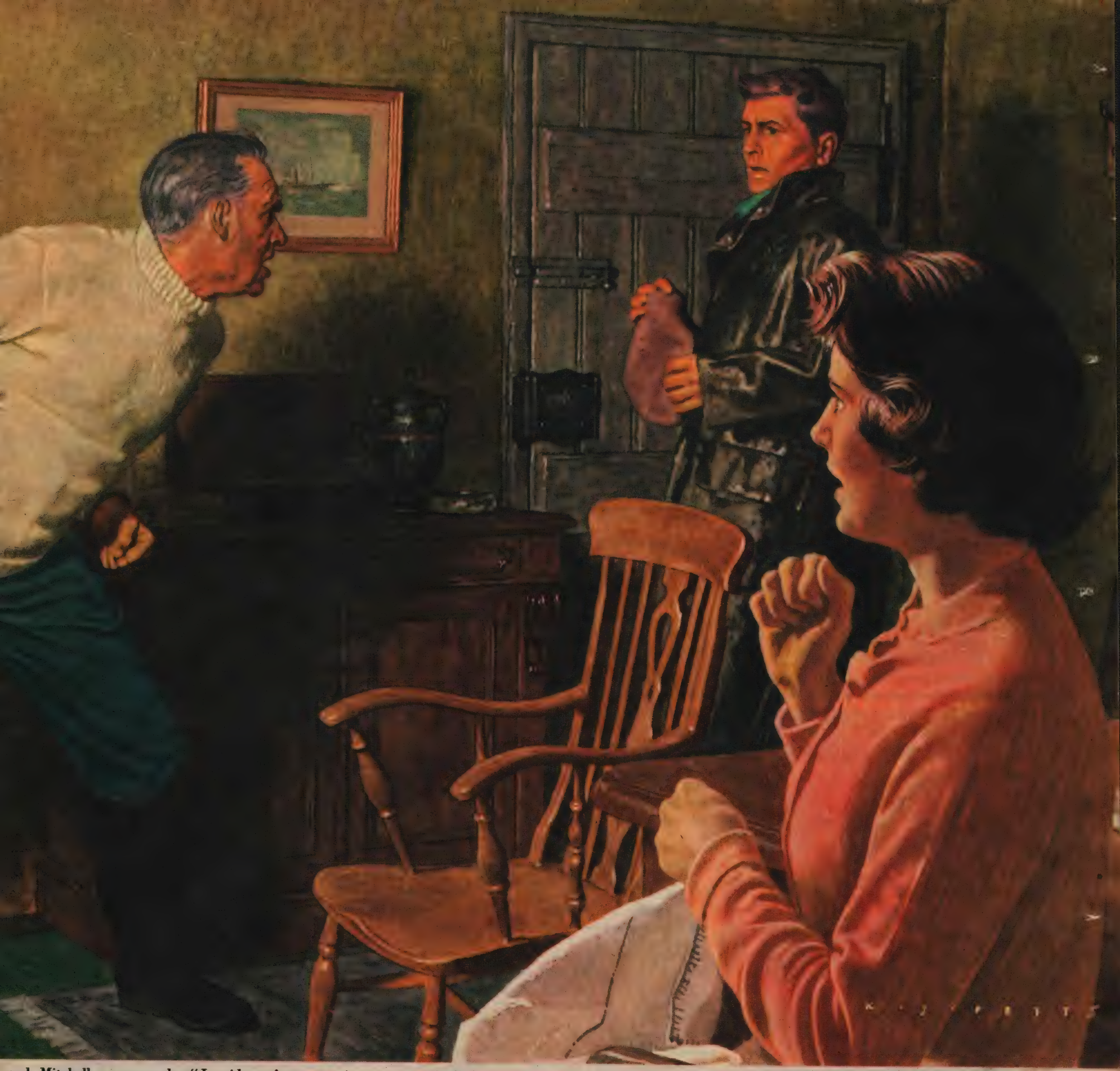
"I don't feel like it, not yet," Mitchell said.

"Nor then do I," his father said.

They stayed on, and Tucker laid some coal on the dying fire and poked up the embers.

"I've got a mind of my own," Mitchell said at last, stubbornly. He got up and went to the door and took down his weather jacket and cap.

Marion's eyes followed her husband. They



and Mitchell unprepared. "I said you're not going out tonight," he shouted hoarsely as he faced his son. "And I say I am," answered Mitchell

were both unprepared for the sudden spring from his chair of the older man. "I said you're not going out tonight." His voice was hoarse as he faced his son.

"And I say I am," Mitchell said. "You've always had your own way, up till now. But you're not stopping me this time."

"Well, you young fool, if that's what you want—have your say. Make up your own mind. If you want to make a fool of yourself, then that's what I want to see. And I'll stick right beside you. Partners, we'll be, like you want it. We'll go on this little boat ride, if that's what you're set on. You and me. Together, eh? We'll see how well you like it."

He put on his own jacket and cap, and forced his son out of the cottage.

"You're not to go. Mitchell, you're not to go." Marion came after them. "Where are you taking him?" She held a torch on her father-in-law.

"It's where he's taking me. If that's a secret from you too. . . ."

OUT from the shore the night wind blew in the bay. Tucker sat in the stern of the boat, the engine at half-speed, with his son beside him.

"Well?" Tucker said. "You want to go on this fool's errand of yours?"

Mitchell's head raised in the compass's light. His lips were thick. "Yes!" he said stubbornly.

"A son of mine! Where do I steer?"

"It's off the Weller Banks. We meet another boat. A bigger boat."

"Smuggling! I guessed as much. You *are* a damn fool."

"Off the Banks," Mitchell said again doggedly. They went without running lights, with only the little pin of light in the compass housing. Astern of them was the lighthouse beacon, twisting away.

They were well out in the Channel when the sky began to clear of cloud. A star shone through, and then another, and they were running under a high black sky.

Mitchell looked at the blackness ahead. "What time is it?" he said.

Tucker looked at his watch in the compass light. "You still aim to do it?" He spoke as though wanting not to believe.

Mitchell kept his eyes ahead and shook off the question.

"Half past twelve," Tucker said.

"How long we been out?"

"An hour, just gone."

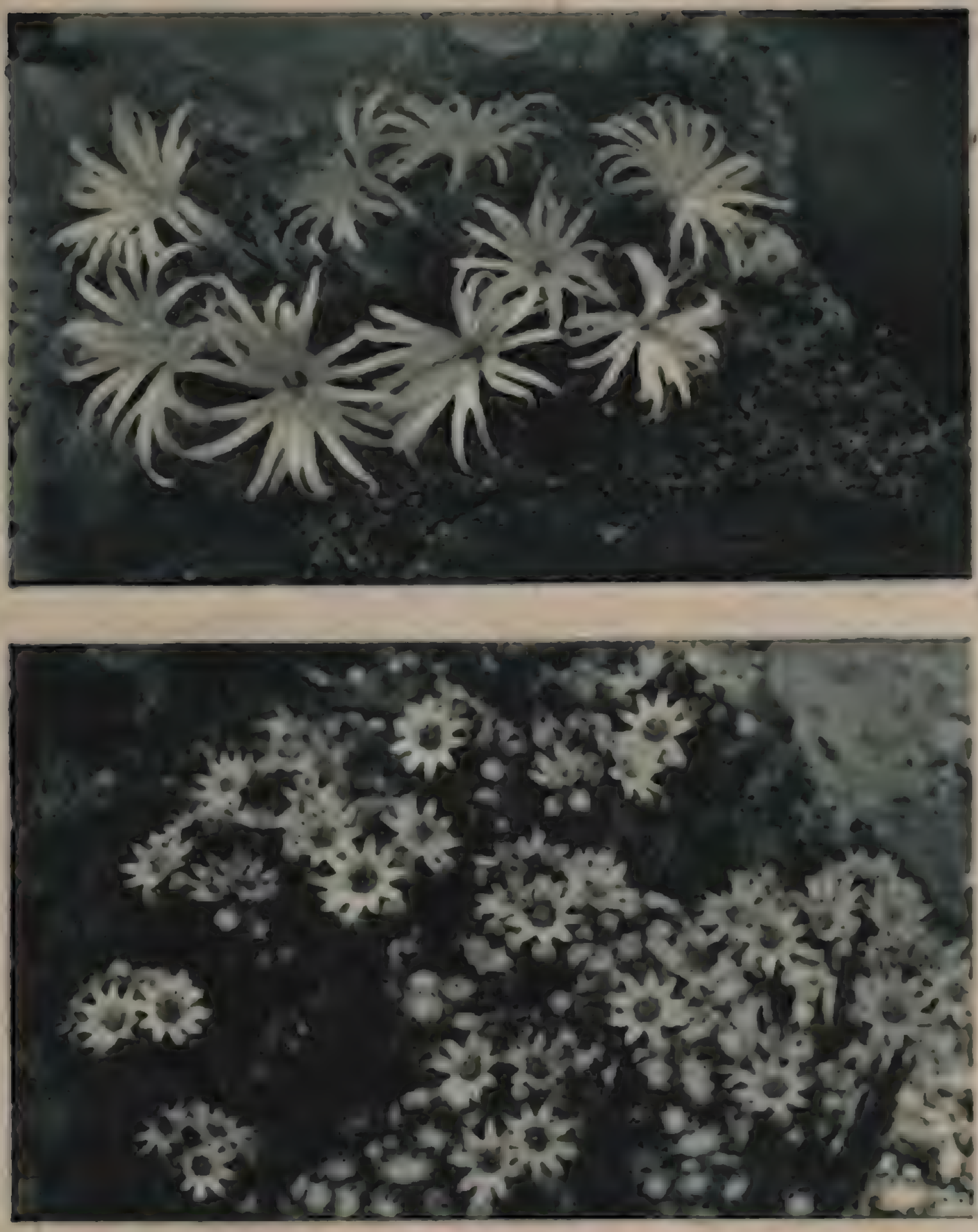
On they went, with the air cold against them

Continued on page 33

Build an Alpine rockery in your garden

by *PERCY THROWER*

With a few plants and shapely stones it is easy and cheap to bring a delightful range of new flowers to your home



Two delightful plants for use in crevices are silene Hookeri (top) and sempervivum

Anemone pulsatilla (top) thrives in the shade. Primulas will do well near a pool

Saxifragas (top) and scillas make bold displays when planted in groups alone

One of my first tasks as a young gardener was to make a large rockery on a private estate in Buckinghamshire. It meant days of hard work shifting soil and heavy stones, but as the rockery grew so did my interest. By the time the garden was complete, and the alpine plants bloomed, I had fallen in love with rockeries.

In Switzerland, alpine plants grow on sunny well-drained hillsides. So the ideal site for a rock garden certainly is not beneath dripping trees or in shady hollows. Choose a place facing south or south-west to catch the sun, preferably on a slope to provide natural drainage, and sufficiently far from the house for the rock garden to become a focus for the rest of the garden.

Whether a rockery is small or large, filling a slope, bordering a lawn or surrounding a lily pond, it is a garden of miniature plants which should invite closer inspection. Provision should therefore be made for people to examine plants awkwardly placed, either by building shallow stone steps up the bank, or laying a path round the back of a rockery. But the one absolute essential of a good rock garden is that it should look completely natural—plants clinging to a natural outcrop of rock. In a rockery I dislike the use of bird baths, ornamental figures, or anything else which is patently artificial.

The majority of small rock gardens are made on land which is originally flat. To start the job, remove soil to a spade's-depth from the area the rockery will cover, break up the remaining soil with a fork, then cover the area levelly with a drainage layer consisting of a mixture of small stones, broken brick, clinker and ashes, to a depth of eight or nine inches—and this is a useful way to dispose of garden rubble. This porous layer can be covered with old turves to prevent the main soil of the rockery—which is now mounded into place—from being washed by rainwater through the clinker and stones.

The best rockery stone is limestone from the Northumberland hills, weather-worn into different shapes, well-pitted and creviced. But transport costs are so high that to buy a ton of the stone in the south will cost about £6. For this amount of money it is possible to make an entire small rockery—£2 for a ton of local stone, £3 10s. spent on alpine plants, and a further 10s. for a supply of peat and bone meal.

Before placing any of the stones, it is best to have at least an approximate idea of which plants will be used. Then it is possible to plan crevices and pockets according to the needs of particular plants, remembering that in a small rockery not a scrap of space should be wasted.

Start at the front of the mound of soil with one good prominent stone—your centre stone. Notice how the strata run in the stone and place it with the strata horizontal and facing the front. The stone should also be tilted back slightly into the mound, so that rainwater runs back into the soil and soaks beneath the stone, making dark moist places where the alpines love to send their roots.

Now place other stones behind the centre stone, and on either side, mounting higher, all with strata lines horizontal and coinciding as far as possible so that the effect is perfectly natural. As each stone is placed, soil must be packed beneath it and between neighbouring stones. If pockets of air are left, the roots of the alpines will not find the soil they need for nourishment, and the plants will die.

Another very important precaution is to ensure that the stones are firmly bedded. They must not be in a position to wobble or subside.

A larger rockery may contain ten tons of stone, and incorporate a water cascade. To make a cascade, a pipe to carry water up to an electric pump should be buried early in the mound of soil; the pump itself should be camouflaged with rocks and shrubs; and the channel down which the water will flow must be carefully planned and reinforced with concrete.

Before the material sets, small stones should be thrust into it to create the uneven, natural effect of a mountain stream. The water should emerge from beneath a stone at the top of the rockery, and at some stage should be impeded by a large stone to form a waterfall.

Perhaps the best setting for a rockery is around an irregularly shaped lily pond. Rocks should be arranged to jut over the edge of the pool, interrupting the harsh line of the cement. The main rock garden should sweep back majestically from the water's edge. Flat stones near the edge of the pool permit close inspection both of the rockery and the aquatic plants.

Steps are useful and attractive, wending their way up a rockery established in a natural bank. Like the water cascade, they should be planned into the rockery as part of the basic construction. Steps of firmed soil should be levelled out, about six inches high, three inches of cement should be spread levelly over them, and flat stones placed in the cement before it sets.

Thus we have the framework of a rock garden—rocks buried, sometimes two-thirds of their bulk deep, in good garden soil above a drainage layer, facing the sun. But before any planting is done, top soil should be added.

This should be prepared using two parts of soil or loam, one part of leaf mould or peat, and one part of coarse sand, to which I like to add one pound of ground limestone per barrow-load.

Ninety-five per cent of alpines appreciate the lime. Plants which don't—they include miniature rhododendrons, azaleas, many of the liliums, and some of the ericas or heathers—should be treated with the soil and peat mixture without lime, and planted near the top of the rockery, for lime has a tendency to percolate down to the lower levels.

The top soil should be sprinkled three inches

A HAVEN OF COLOUR AND BEAUTY

An ideal setting for a rockery is around a lily pool. Where a natural stream is not available a realistic effect can be created by a water pump

In the Royal Horticultural Society's rock garden at Wisley, careful selection and siting of plants ensures a colourful display from early spring until late in the autumn

deep over the pockets formed by the rocks, and poured into the individual cracks and crevices. The rockery, rising in a series of attractive rock steps, topped by a shapely large stone, and falling away more sharply at the rear, is now ready to receive its plants.

A medley of early flowering bulbs and corms, true alpines and rock plants, and autumn-flowering corms, will provide colour from March to November.

Small early bulbs or corms for a rockery include the iris reticulata (violet-purple, with a yellow blotch on the lower petals; 2s. 6d. a dozen), chionodoxa or glory-of-the-snow (bright blue flowers; 2s. 3d. a dozen), and scilla spring beauty (gentian blue flowers; about 4s. 3d. a dozen).

Miniature daffodils and narcissi should always be included. Among them are such little gems as triandrus albus, the white narcissus known to many as angel's tears (3s. 6d. a dozen), cyclamineus, a beautiful golden yellow cyclamen-flowered daffodil (6s. a dozen), and Bulbocodium conspicuous, the yellow-hoop petticoat narcissus (3s. 6d. a dozen).

Many snowdrops bloom to advantage against a background of rocks. So, in the spring, do fritillaria Meleagris, the snakeshead lily, with its bells of maroon-spotted flowers, and erythronium, the dog's tooth violet (pink, purple, violet and yellow).

For autumn flowering, neapolitanum, a rose-pink miniature hardy cyclamen, is useful. So is the autumn and winter-flowering crocus, which should be planted in July or August.

All these plants may be placed near the base of the rockery. If the base has a lily pool, moisture-loving primulas, mimulus, small hardy ferns, and the prostrate-growing shrub juniperus Sabina, can be added.

Juniperus communis compressa, the little

Continued on page 28

"To bring happiness and love and security to our future citizens is the greatest task before us," says Britain's foremost expert on adolescent welfare. Here he proposes a new way to deal with juvenile delinquents

CHILDREN IN TROUBLE

by SIR BASIL HENRIQUES

It is utterly wrong that what may be no more than a childish prank should remain a stigma on a child for the rest of his life. Yet this is what can happen as the law now stands.

A youngster over the age of eight who is found guilty of an offence such as robbing an orchard or stealing from a market stall or a shop counter may have this youthful misdemeanour brought up against him, even many years later, should he be convicted again. And, in many instances, when he is trying to get work—for example, when applying for a licence to drive a taxi—he would have to say whether he has ever been guilty of any offence. It might even bar him from getting a visa to enter certain countries.

This wrong must be put right, and it will need a reform of the law relating to children and young persons. Fortunately the need is now being recognized, and a departmental committee has been appointed to inquire into it, following two deputations to the Home Secretary during the past year.

The first of these was from the Magistrates' Association and the second from a group of social workers under the chairmanship of Mrs. Geoffrey Fisher, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Although I was a member of both, the views I express here are my own and not necessarily those put forward by either group.

The need to ensure that no childish prank should be a stigma for life has led some people to say that no offender under the age of fourteen should be charged before a juvenile court, but should come before a committee of social workers, as in the Scandinavian countries. I am most strongly opposed to this. Nobody has a greater sense of justice than a child, who will accept the decision of a properly constituted judicial court. The certainty of having to stand trial if caught committing an offence is a very strong deterrent to all children—and adults—and creates in them a healthy respect for law. The court has to be satisfied that the child knew that what he was doing was wrong, and I see no reason for raising the age of criminal responsibility.

The evil could be avoided quite simply if the law were amended so that "absolute discharge" and "conditional discharge," which are the lightest orders that any court can make, were made to mean what they say. If no further offence is committed within a specified period of, say, three or four years, the whole record should be destroyed, and after that period there should be no blot on the child's—and I would like to include adult's—good name. That is what happens in Australia and New Zealand.

There are other reforms that I am most anxious to see. I have sat for thirty-three years in the East London juvenile court and I have had before me a great many children and young persons who need never have appeared there if only the proper remedial and preventive action had been taken at the right time.

When a child reaches the juvenile court, the procedure in proving a case is the same as that of the adult court. There is, however, a need for certain changes.

At present those under the age of seventeen who are charged by their parents with being beyond control have to remain in court to hear the evidence against them. Nothing could be worse for a child than to have to listen to those who are nearest and should be dearest to him saying the worst things they can about him to prove that he is beyond their control.

The child should be out of court, and after the evidence has been heard the chairman should calmly and quietly repeat to him what has been alleged. This would give him the opportunity to refute allegations made against him by a parent who is merely trying to get rid of him.

Again, it is very doubtful whether children should take the oath and learn, at an early age, to commit perjury. They have almost certainly been told that it is wrong to swear, and they find it difficult to distinguish between blasphemy and swearing on the Bible. I had one boy who was in the middle of "swearing before Almighty God to tell the truth" when his father shouted at him: "Put that book down. You know quite well that as a Communist you don't believe in God." Some youngsters even maintain that they have never heard of the Bible.

At present, if there is a case to answer, a child who has pleaded not guilty is given three options: he need say nothing; he can make a statement not on oath, when he cannot be asked questions; or he can give evidence on oath, when he is liable to be cross-examined. This predicament could be avoided if he were asked: "Do you want to tell us your side of the story, and, if you do, do you mind if we test the truth of what you say by asking you questions?"

In many cases the parents are more to blame than the child, yet the parents are not before

Sir Basil Henriques has won an international reputation as a man who knows how to deal with the problems of youth. For more than nineteen years he was chairman of the East London juvenile court. For more than thirty years he ran youth clubs in the East End, where he was warden of the Bernhard Baron Settlement, which developed from a boys' club he founded in 1914. He is president of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs and vice-chairman of the national federation. As a magistrate he was renowned for his wisdom and humanity.

A pre-work parade at a detention centre where boys can be sent for three months

the court as defendants, and the court can only bind them over in whatever surety seems fit to see that their child does not get into trouble again during a specified period. It would be better if the parents were made to deposit the surety. They would get it back at the end of the named period.

In so far as disharmony in the home is so closely related to the cases of children who appear before the court, it would undoubtedly be beneficial if there were a fusion of the juvenile court and domestic court. This might well prevent homes from breaking and children having to be separated from their families.

Besides these and other changes in procedure there are changes required in the court's powers of treatment. Although no amount of punishment will straighten a crooked mind, there is nevertheless in certain cases a place for some kind of punishment as a deterrent.

Probation and an approved school order are for training and not for punishment. Apart from fining, which is only suitable for certain cases, and in these days of affluence is not really effective, the only powers of punishment are the detention centre for those between fourteen and seventeen or the attendance centre for those aged twelve to seventeen.

The former is a "short sharp shock" of not more than three months. But such an order can do more harm than good, unless there is a second offence for which the boy can be put on probation and in that way be helped in his rehabilitation when he leaves the centre. It has been rightly said that the real punishment of a prisoner begins the day he comes out of prison. It is then that he needs friendship and help to regain his self-respect, to find work and to settle again in the social life of the community. This is equally true of the detention centre, and the probation officer could be the boy's friend and help him in these ways. But this cannot be done now as it is not possible to make two orders for the same offence.

The attendance centre is rather like being "kept in" for not more than a total of twelve hours and for not more than three hours on any one day. In my opinion this is an utter waste of money, for the period is not long enough for any effective training.

The "Citizens' Training Centre" at Boston, Massachusetts, is far better than our attendance centre. The boys are put on probation with a condition that they go to the centre for two hours on five days of the week for a period of six months. The centre is a voluntary institution started and maintained by Rotary. The training is constructive. Medical and psychological treatment is given to those who require it. The centre is a very great deterrent, for no one likes to be deprived of his liberty for two hours on five days a week, and the figures in Boston show how very effective it is.

Some changes should also be made in the procedure by which children are committed to approved schools. A court has not sufficient knowledge to know whether a child is delinquent because he is undisciplined—or because he is unhappy or maladjusted or deprived of a good home life, or because he is a psychopath or educationally subnormal or mentally deficient. What are needed are "observation remand homes" to which a child should go *before* an approved school order is made. It will probably be found there that there is no need to commit him to an approved school, and he can be boarded out with friends or relations or even be allowed home under supervision.

Personally, I want to see approved school orders abolished for those under the age of fourteen who have to be removed from their homes. Instead the court should make a Fit Person Order, committing the child to the care of the local authority. The parents could then apply at any time for the child to be allowed home under supervision, and this would be a great incentive to improve conditions at home. Furthermore, the Fit Person Order continues up to the age of eighteen, whereas an Approved School Order is for three years or until the age of fifteen. No court can know whether the child needs more or less than three years' training or whether it will take more than three years to reform the home.

But offences against the law are only one of four types of cases which have to be dealt with by a juvenile court. There are also the truants; the children summoned by their parents as being beyond their control; and those who are in need of care or protection. Although legally there is a great difference between the first of these categories and the other three, for the one is a "criminal" matter and the others are civil matters, actually the dividing line is so narrow that it is generally only a matter of chance or of time under which category a child appears before the court.

The relationship between truancy and delinquency is very close indeed. The fault may lie with the parent who may be neglectful or may deliberately keep the child at home to help with household chores; or it may lie with the child, or even sometimes with the teacher who has failed to make the child interested.

When the late Queen Mary visited the East London court, there was a small boy there who would never go to school on Mondays. When I asked him the reason, he said: "We have history on Mondays and I get so bored hearing all about all those kings and queens." He had no idea Her Majesty was in court. But I knew, and it was an awkward moment.

Whatever may be the cause of his absence, the result is the same, for the child is like the adult (or is it the other way round?). If he is not doing what he ought to be doing, he invariably does what he ought not to do, and he commits an offence which brings him to court.

The child who is beyond control is often the child who is continually stealing at home or from his neighbours, who will not charge him. The wise parents bring him to the court because they want to stop him from growing into a persistent offender. Nearly all such children are mentally sick, and they should never have to appear before a court of summary jurisdiction.

They are brought there because there is so much difficulty in getting treatment in any other way. A child showing behaviour problems may have to wait six months before an appointment can be made for him at a child guidance clinic. If the psychiatrist considers him "maladjusted" and requiring treatment away from home, he is sent home to await a vacancy, because there are not sufficient hostels for maladjusted children. Naturally his bad conduct gets worse in the very environment which was causing it. By the time he can be treated his disturbances may have become so deep that it is doubtful whether treatment will now be effective.

Just as it is far easier and far cheaper to treat a physically sick person as soon as the symptoms have been detected, so it is far wiser and cheaper to deal with an emotionally sick person at the very earliest stage. Better facilities for the early treatment of emotionally disturbed children are urgently needed.

The children in need of care or protection may come from homes where the moral standards are low, or they may be so unhappy at home that they are ready to commit quite serious offences in order to escape from their unhappiness.

Mental ill-treatment is something very real and is often far more damaging to a child than physical ill-treatment. When a child's heart or mind has been wounded, a scar may remain for the rest of his life affecting all his future conduct unless the wound is properly treated in its early stages. Such wounds are caused by a child being made to feel unloved or unwanted, or given a sense of inferiority and becoming jealous of his brothers or sisters.

Two things are essential in every child's life —and I think, also, in every adult's—and they are love and security.

So many of the children appearing in court come from broken homes in that they do not have two parents living happily together. There is, I believe, a greater sense of insecurity for a child whose parents are living together but continually quarrelling in front of him than to have parents who are divorced or separated or dead. It is agony for him to feel that the two people whom he loves most in the world are at loggerheads with one another.

A little boy of eight whose parents were devoted to him and to one another heard them having an excited political argument over breakfast. When the mother went out of the room he rushed to his father, crying, "Dad, don't

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you love Mummy any more?" No one can sense disharmony in the home so quickly as a child, and the disquieting effect upon him may be very serious indeed.

Unhappiness in his home makes a child become "maladjusted." This is a difficult word. It is impossible to prove at what point a child can be said to be maladjusted. I have never come across anyone who is completely adjusted. "Unsettled" is, perhaps, a better word, though it does not appear in any Act of Parliament, whereas "maladjusted" does.

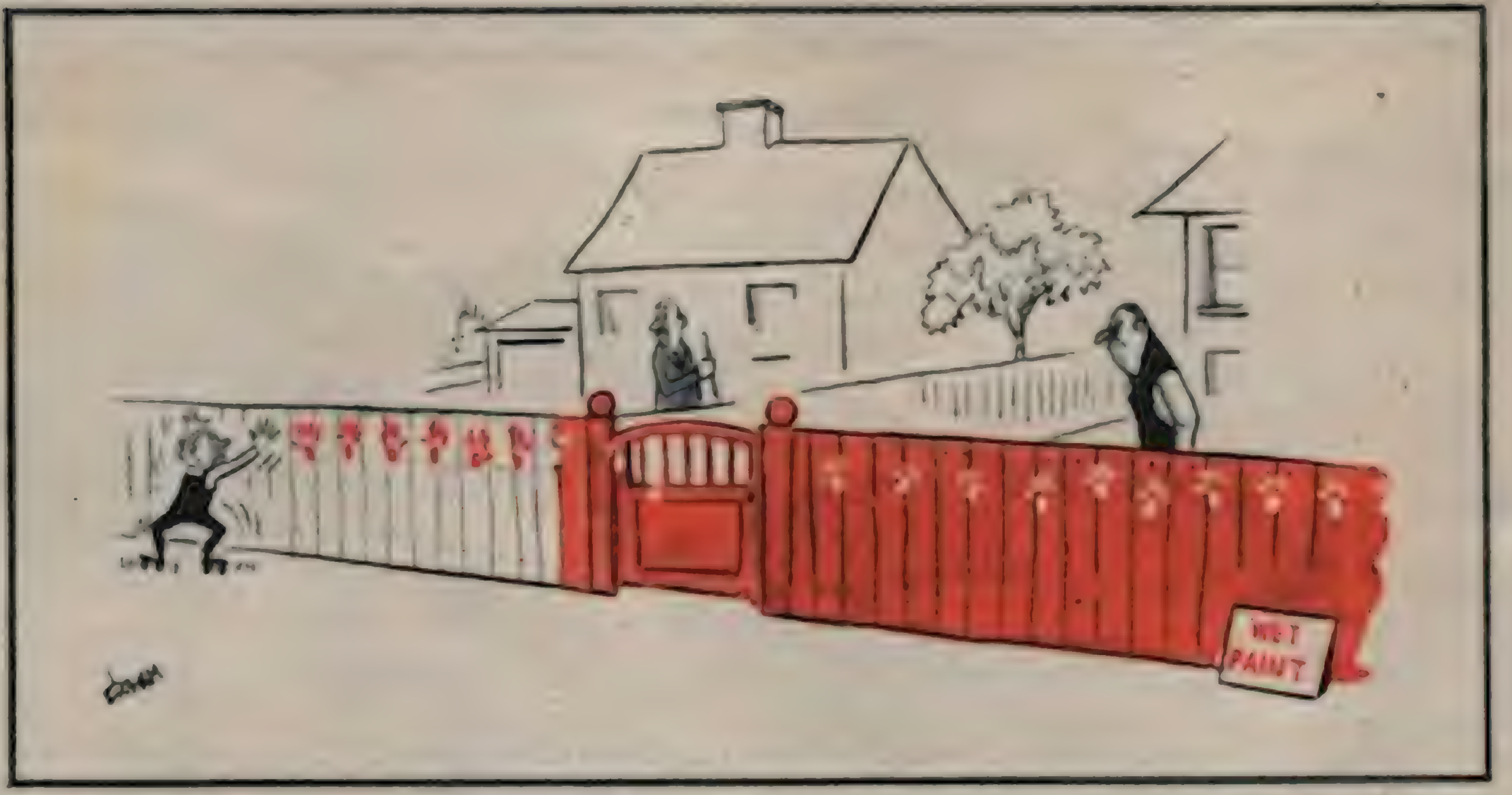
A large percentage of delinquents are unhappy, unsettled children. The remainder are generally normal youngsters who have a fine but grossly misdirected spirit of adventure and enjoy the fun of taking the risk of being caught, or who have been brought up with the wrong kind of discipline either at home or at school or at both. With the new-fangled, half-digested ideas about repression, they have been allowed to do things they want to do, and have not had instilled into them "I will not because I may not" and "I must because I ought."

It will be clear from this how overlapping are the types of case with which the court has to deal. Yet the machinery for handling these cases is in a fearful muddle, and this is one of the most important things to be considered in any reform. Many of these cases come under entirely different departments, both at the government and the local authority level.

The first to detect unsatisfactory material conditions in the home or disharmony between the parents is perhaps the health visitor. Truants are the concern of the education committee. Children in need of care or protection come under the children's department of the local authority. Delinquents who are sent to approved schools or placed under the supervision of a probation officer come under the Home Office.

Maladjusted children are the concern of the education department as are the educationally sub-normal; but the mentally deficient come under the health department. The Prison Commissioners look after Borstal, and the Ministry of Labour places boys and girls in jobs—and if they do it wrongly, this can cause delinquency.

The N.S.P.C.C., a voluntary organization, supervises cases of cruelty or neglect. Other voluntary organizations deal with the problem families; moral welfare societies with problem girls; marriage guidance councils with the breaking or broken homes. Matrimonial reconciliation by probation officers is under the Home Office. Overcrowding, the cause of many delinquencies and of many broken homes, comes under housing. National Assistance is yet another department dealing with problem families.



And so it goes on. I have known sixteen different agencies all dealing with the same family, all having to visit the same home, all thinking that one of the other agencies would be taking action, and all doing nothing until in the end the children have had to come before the juvenile court.

I HAVE for long been advocating one Ministry of Child and Family Welfare to combine the work now being done by the Home Office, the Ministry of Education, the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Health. That is a long-term policy which will eventually come about, as it has in New South Wales, where the child welfare work is probably the best in the world.

But there is something which can be achieved immediately: that is, the establishment of a child welfare office by every local authority, to which anyone—parent, teacher, health visitor, attendance officer, or even a neighbour—who suspects ill-treatment or unhappiness or delinquency in a child may go and ask for the case to be investigated.

The head of the Child Welfare Office must be higher in rank than the heads of other local authority departments, and should have the status of a deputy town clerk so that he is in a position to direct the other departments. For example, instead of having to receive three children into care at a cost of about £20 a week, because the sanitary conditions in the home are bad or the family is overcrowded, he must be in a position to see that the sanitary inspector takes action, or that better accommodation is provided by the housing department. Apart from the financial economy involved, this would save the major operation of removing children from the home to which they rightfully belong.

Action as soon as the symptoms of something wrong are detected is essential if the "disease" is to be prevented from spreading to others or worsening. Those who detect the symptoms must know to whom to turn for action, and there must be an over-riding director to decide what action should be taken—whether by a voluntary or by a statutory organization. He must continue to supervise the case until it is satisfactorily completed. The fearful muddle of "passing the buck" would be avoided and the number of social workers interfering in the case would be as few as possible. It would, I believe, save many unfortunate children from the ordeal of having to appear in a juvenile court.

The children who now come before the courts are not bad children, though some are mischievous and undisciplined. The vast majority are unhappy children. In the light of the new attitude that the right place for a child is in his own home, we should be considering what organizations need strengthening to enable them to save the family from breaking, and to rebuild it when it does break. To try to bring happiness and love and security to our future citizens is the greatest task that lies before us.

THE END

Rock gardens

Continued from page 25

Roman cypress, which rarely exceeds two feet, and Tom Thumb, a low-growing fuchsia with crimson and mauve flowers, should also be placed near the front.

Alpines suitable for planting in pockets higher up the rockery include the pink-flowering saxifraga Jenkinsae and the yellow apiculata (February-April), gentiana acaulis (deep-blue flowers, April-September), gentiana verna (brilliant blue, April-May), and campanula garganica (pale blue, June-July). The saxifraga should be planted in groups of three or five in pockets of their own.

Vertical crevices between the stones can be planted with saponaria ocymoides (like a miniature form of the ragged robin) and with sempervivum, the house leek. Silene Hookeri is another delightful crevice plant.

A host of varieties of sedum (I recommend Ewersii) will spread across the stones. So will arenaria, the rock cress, which forms a dark matt of deep green foliage, and in June and July is covered with tiny white flowers. Phlox sabulata will form large clumps which overhang the rocks attractively in pink, blue, mauve or purple.

For individual planting in selected positions I recommend the rock roses, or sun roses, in glorious colours from yellow, through salmon and pink to scarlet and crimson, from June to August. Miniature forms of dianthus—for example, the cherry-rose dianthus neglectus, from the Swiss Alps—are delightful plants. And for planting on the north-facing side of the garden, or in the shelter of a rock, there is ramondia pyrênaica, lavender blue with a golden eye in June.

The upper part of the rockery can be filled with plants or shrubs which prefer a lime-free soil. I suggest Wilsonii, a deep pink variety of dwarf alpine rhododendron, ferrugineum myrtifolium (delicate rose), fragrans (pale lilac) and ferrugineum album (a good white).

Heathers, or ericas, combine well with rhododendrons and small-growing azaleas. Erica carnea (pink) and Springwood White are winter-flowering varieties; the best of the summer ericas is H. E. Beal, which carries pale double-pink flowers from August to October.

A good specimen plant to have as a focal point at the top of the rockery is acer palmatum (dissectum atropurpureum. Don't be repelled either by its name or the price, which may be 25s. This plant, with its bright bronze foliage and weeping habit, is slow growing and will last a lifetime.

Finally, a few shrubs to form a fine backcloth to the rockery: senecio Greyii (silver foliage and yellow flowers, spiraea Anthony Waterer (large flat heads of bright crimson flowers), and cydonia (orange, red and pink).

Most of the alpines I have mentioned are easy to propagate. When they have flowered, young shoots or tiny rosettes form at the base of the plants. These should be removed and placed on pure sand, or a mixture of sand and peat, in a garden frame or a box covered by a sheet of glass. They can then be planted out the following spring.

In the spring, too, and preferably in March, it is best to top dress round the established plants with a layer, half an inch deep, of a mixture of soil, peat and sand, to which a little bone meal should be added.

Alpines such as aubrietia, phlox, rock roses and some of the stronger-growing saxifrages, thymus and other spreading plants will tend to smother other small plants if left unattended. They should be trimmed back when flowering has finished.

Apart from the need to water alpines in hot, dry weather, no cultivation is required in the summer. During the winter, small squares of glass may be fixed above slightly tender plants, such as androsace and lewisia, but this is to protect them from excessive wet, rather than from the frost.

A rock garden, once established, is a labour-saving device. It fully repays the initial—and enjoyable—labour of building it.

THE END

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Death of a lover

Continued from page 17

Imam, not far from here. A much respected man, pious as this animal says, and. . . ."

A gesture commanded silence. The inspector reached into the card-index of his brain where he had on file the dossiers of many citizens. "Ah, here it is," he announced in his hollow voice. "Talat, named Hussain. Age, sixty-five. Childless. A wife who died in 1941. Married again in 1954. . . . Married—married——" He rapped his high forehead and exclaimed: "What a wretched memory! Is the new wife named Kamin or Kamariya? I do know she's forty, no longer young. . . ." He turned to the police officer and said: "Tell me more about Hussain."

"There is a rumour that concerns his wife, sir——"

"The tongue of rumour is an assassin's dagger. What is it then, this rumour?"

"It is said Hussain Talat's wife pulls him around by the nose, that there are young men—well. . . ."

"You mean she entertains lovers behind the dotard's back?"

The officer looked meaningly at the body on the bier.

"Ahmed Murad was one of them?" again prompted Chafik.

"Her favourite, so it is said, sir."

The inspector pursed his expressive mouth. It was an ordinary story, ugly but pitiful, and he was moved to say: "Why didn't the old fool kill his wife instead? He was entitled to do that if she was faithless."

Chafik went over the facts and wove them into a pattern. But the voice of the mob penetrated his thinking as it rose to new crescendo, sparked to fury by new incident.

The harrassed police were forced to use the butts of carbines to hold the line. Chafik hurried up as Sergeant Abdullah struggled out of the crowd, half carrying and half dragging the limp body of a young man.

"They were lynching him," Abdullah explained.

"What had he done?"

"He was trying to hide this."

The sergeant showed the inspector a bloody knife. It had a thin blade attached to a silver haft, which was inlaid with black enamel. The stains on it were hardly dry. Such a weapon had killed Ahmed Murad.

"What is his name?" asked Chafik.

"They tell me he is Mohammed Latif."

Another handsome youth, the inspector thought. "There are too many young men in this case," he grumbled to Abdullah. "Perhaps this one, too, knows the wife of Hussain Talat. . . . Hm! Our friend wears perfume."

"Not an uncommon habit," the sergeant said.

The inspector bristled. "There is reason for my indulgence. I sniff too many vintage corpses." Then he added thoughtfully: "Nevertheless, there is a perfumed shadow in this case."

"Yes, sir. And now if you will examine the individual's hands. . . ."

Chafik looked. The man's right hand was bloody and there were smears on the forearm; his robe, too, was soiled.

"Ahmed Murad's murderer, sir!" announced Abdullah.

The inspector threw away his unlighted cigarette. He said: "Just now, when you were rescuing this young man, I also put my horse at too high a fence."

"Sir?"

"Abdullah, I jumped at a conclusion and fell off. Take this perfumed youth to the station-house. I will question him later. Meantime I shall call on Hussain Talat, a most respected merchant of this neighbourhood. And I shall meet the Woman of Babylon," Chafik added in a curious voice.

"Babylon is many miles from Baghdad," protested the puzzled sergeant. "Furthermore, it is uninhabited, sir, and——"

"My remark," said Inspector Chafik, "was allegorical, not geographical. . . ."

Chafik found the address, a house near the bank of the River Tigris. A date palm towered in the courtyard and there was a pleasant odour of night-blooming flowers. It was a quiet, decent neighbourhood.

A light satisfied the inspector that somebody was in, but there was no response to his knock. He called out: "Is Hussain Talat there?" and was aware that he was watched from behind the iron grill set at eye level in the heavy door.

Then a woman answered softly: "My husband it not at home."

"I regret disturbing you," Chafik said, making a little bow to the door. "Nevertheless I must see your husband. I am the police, madame."

There was silence, then the woman asked in a strained voice: "What has Hussain done?"

"Done?" Chafik evaded the answer.

"He was in such a temper when he went out. I was afraid——"

There was the sound of bolts being withdrawn and the door opened. "We can talk better without the neighbours," Madame Talat said and led the inspector to a room at the top of a bare stone stairway.

Chafik was bewildered by the rich furnishings. In this ordinary house were heaped treasures that belonged to the days of Baghdad's splendour.

Hussain Talat's wife threw back her headshawl and rewarded him with a slow smile. Her neck was long and slender and firm. Her cheeks bloomed and her soft mouth was inviting; the years had forgotten her.

Chafik said sternly: "Kindly veil yourself," and turned away.

In the mirror he saw the smile fade and a frown of uncertainty crease the smooth brow. He understood when her hands went to her face to smooth invisible lines, and was moved to pity for this woman who lived for her beauty and feared its passing.

"You do not like to look at me?" she asked, like a hurt child.

"On the contrary, madame, I like too much. That is why I ask you to veil yourself."

The woman sighed with pleasure and took the bait. "It is true I am very attractive to men, especially young men," she said. "They *will* pay me court. . . ."

"And your husband is old," Chafik broke in sympathetically.

He looked away to conceal his distaste. Then he asked brusquely: "Do you know Ahmed Murad?"

Alarm flickered in the long eyes, and then anger. "A most persistent young man! I told him I would not see him again. Hussain was very angry—we quarrelled about Ahmed before he went out. . . ." Her voice faltered. "What—what has my husband done?" she asked fearfully.

"He let the torch go out."

"Torch? He carried a torch in the procession?"

"To light the bier of Kasim. Ahmed played the part—did you know that?"

"Of course. And Hussain let the torch go out? Why would he?" She frowned, then said: "Ah yes, it would hurt Ahmed, disgrace him. . . ."

The inspector said: "I do not understand."

"Surely it would disgrace him to go unlightened into the mosque?"

Chafik stirred.

"How it would hurt that vain young man not to be seen by his audience," Madame Talat went on, "and by that chit, his future wife, who surely watched from a rooftop." Her voice rose and she clapped her hands. "Just for this little trick you come for my husband?" she said angrily.

"Such a subtle trick," the inspector said softly.

He stood with his back to the woman and, with a fingertip, brushed the edge of a rosewood bureau; the dust was thick. His sense of tidiness was offended and he began to straighten the bric-à-brac that had been pushed aside.

Then he stopped; down the centre of the bureau-top there was a long dustless strip. His eyes measured it.

"Do you know Mohammed Latif?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Mohammed . . . ? Yes, I know him," she said, puzzled.

"A perfumed stripling," said Inspector Chafik, and added: "Is he easily roused to jealousy?"

"Like a child. . . . But why do you ask? What are you keeping from me?"

He turned on her, his swarthy face a mask. "Ahmed Murad was murdered tonight," he said brutally. "We found a bloody knife in the hands of Mohammed Latif, madame."

The woman's scream was merely an offence to his ears. There was the sound of heavy feet that stumbled up the stairs. The door opened and a man came in, breathing hard as after running. He was a thin, small man, but robe and turban gave dignity to the unimposing body. His weak and faded eyes peered through thick lenses.

The woman cried: "Husband, oh husband!" And Hussain Talat went to her and cradled her in his arms.

"I do not have to be told who *you* are," he rasped to Chafik.

"My visits are rarely social, Mr. Talat——"

"Why have you troubled my wife?" There was an inflection of fear in the old man's voice. He held the woman close and crooned to her as to a child. "My. Kamariya! What did he tell you? What has he asked you?"

She shrugged away his arms. Shock had passed and she settled quietly among the cushions on a divan. "He told me about Ahmed, and he told me about the torch you carried. Why did you let it go out, Husband? Is it true you did it to disgrace Ahmed—because—because you were jealous?"

Her husband did not answer; he clasped his hands so tightly that the knuckles whitened. His wife's long eyes held his anxiously as she hurried on: "And did you know Mohammed Latif was near by? That he had a knife—that——"

Chafik broke in angrily: "Enough, madame! Are you trying to warn him? Why?"

The old man stood protectively in front of the woman. "Do not browbeat her," he said fiercely. "She knows nothing, nothing at all. There is no need to torture her. I will not have her questioned."

Then anger passed and he said quietly: "You came for me? I will go with you. . . ."

The sound of the *Moharram* drums was like the roar of the distant sea, and the inspector felt pressure as he conducted the inquiry in the temporary headquarters set up in a nearby police post. Chafik had been at it for half an hour, asking questions, and none had been answered.

He had asked about Ahmed Murad, about Mohammed Latif; he had needled Hussain Talat with innuendoes about his wife and her court of young men.

Only when Latif was mentioned did the old man show emotion. "A harmless youth," he protested.

"Harmless?" shouted Chafik. "We take him bloody-handed, trying to hide the murder weapon, and you call him harmless."

"A mere boy," Hussain said with agitation.

"Are you afraid of the truth coming out?" the inspector demanded.

The old man did not answer, and Chafik took time to light a cigarette. He looked round for Abdullah. Reluctantly Chafik told him: "Bring the prisoner," and added heavily, "and the exhibits."

Abdullah went out and returned with Mohammed Latif, handcuffed. He also

---

MY SISTER

Sylvia

On the day war was declared in 1939 Sylvia, who is five years older than I, had been put in charge of me for the morning on Brighton beach. We had spent some of our precious pocket-money on hiring deckchairs, and were sitting proudly on them when we heard the sirens.

Everybody rushed away and I was terrified, but Sylvia refused to let me move, saying that she had booked the deckchairs for half an hour, and half an hour we were going to get. Eventually a man hurried past us and shouted that we had better go home as there was a war on. My sister still refused to move, and we sat in silence on the deserted beach until our time was up.

Sylvia's ambition was to become a dancer. The first time she danced in public was when, aged eight, she was chosen to be a fairy in one of her end-of-term dancing school presentations. Mother and I were very excited when we saw Sylvia on the stage. As she finished her dance, a woman sitting behind us in the audience said in a loud whisper: "Oh, I do like that fat little fairy."

The worst punishment mother could inflict on us when we were naughty was to send us to bed without any supper. Sylvia loved eating, and to guard against a hungry night she started to hoard her favourite sweets and chocolates in her bedroom.

It seemed a wonderful idea, but for several weeks after she started her store she was not caught being naughty. The thought of all her tuck going mouldy horrified her, but she had promised herself not to eat any except in the event of being sent supperless to bed.

She grew desperate and one day, just before supper, she was deliberately cheeky. She was immediately ordered to her bedroom. I remember the puzzled expression on mother's face when Sylvia, instead of looking miserable, bounded upstairs with a wide grin on her face.

Though our parents were not enthusiastic, Sylvia left school at sixteen to train for the stage. One of her first parts was as a chorus girl in a Crazy Gang show. The Gang were always teasing her.

One day she went to the theatre wearing a new dress and she was very thrilled when one of them noticed it, and started to make a fuss of her. He asked her to sit down and offered her a cup of tea. Sylvia thanked him and was startled when he shouted, "Here, catch!" A cup of tea came hurtling through the air and landed in her lap.

Sylvia responded magnificently. She just glanced down at her tea-stained dress and murmured: "You've forgotten the sugar."

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS SISTER? See page 32

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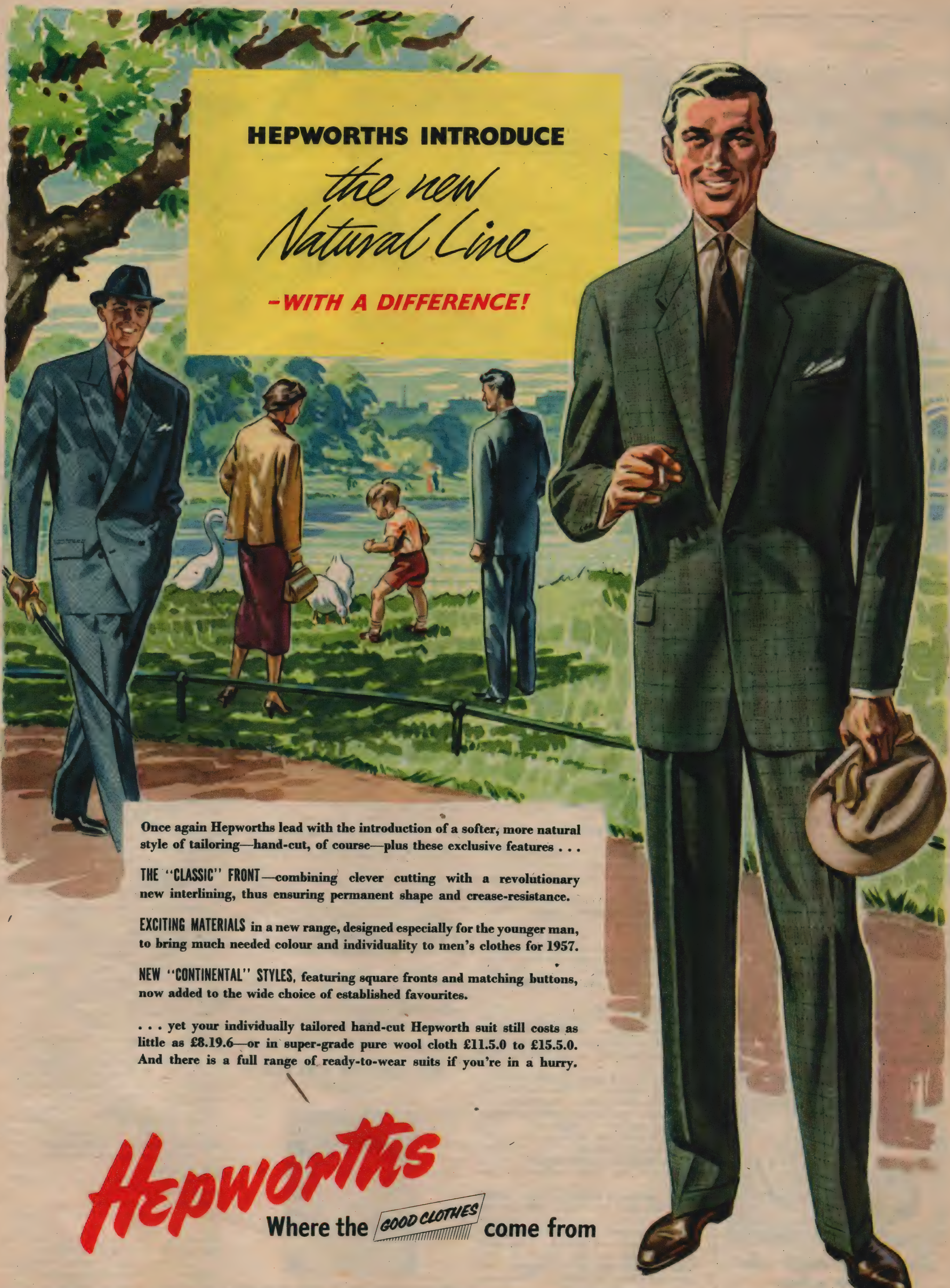

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put a flat box on the table. The inspector opened it and looked at the knife and the blood-stained cloth.

"What about fingerprints?" he asked his assistant.

"Sir, there were only the prisoner's on the weapon."

Chafik looked at the prisoner for the first time. The youth's head was bandaged, and his eyes were wide with terror. He babbled incoherently.

"A pretty pet, isn't he?" the inspector said casually to Hussain Talat, who sat on the edge of the bench, hands gripped between his knees. Then he turned to Mohammed Latif and shouted: "Well, why did you do it?"

"I did nothing. Nothing."

"We took you with blood on your hands——"

"I didn't shed it. I——"

"You were hiding a knife."

Mohammed Latif cried: "The Compassionate One be my witness! I walked in the procession. I was behind the bier. The torch went out. There was a terrible cry. Somebody pushed by me and dropped something. I—I picked it up. Then——"

"You're almost convincing," jeered Chafik.

"You don't believe me." Tears ran down the youth's face. "There were shouts that a man had been killed. I saw I was holding a knife. I—I had to hide it. But somebody saw. . . ."

"Sergeant Abdullah saved you from being lynched," Chafik finished it. "We'll give you a cleaner end," he added and flicked another glance at Hussain Talat.

The old man was looking at him with horror and loathing. In the background Abdullah intruded a disapproving cough.

The inspector turned angrily on them. "You don't like the way I talk? Then listen to that mob out there on the streets. If I don't solve this case now, there'll be a hundred deaths in Baghdad."

SUDDENLY he reached into the box Abdullah had brought and took out the knife. "Exhibit A. . . ." He flicked it so that it slid towards Hussain Talat. "And here's another item." He shook out the strip of bloodstained silk and spread it carefully down the centre of the table. "It plays a part in Ahmed's death somewhere," he announced.

He turned to the prisoner. "You killed Ahmed because of the wife of this old man here," he said roughly. "You were jealous because Ahmed was her favourite and, when the torch went out, you took the chance and struck the knife in him, eh?"

The youth wagged his head helplessly.

"Talk! Confess!" Chafik shouted at him. "Confession is essential to our law—and also cleansing for the soul. . . ."

But Latif was incapable of speech and the inspector said in disgust: "Oh, take him away. . ."

Chafik appeared to take no interest in Hussain Talat, who stood looking at the exhibits, when the old man raised his head. "Permit me to go," he said in a flat voice, and did not wait for the answer.

He crossed the room with a stiff walk paced to the funeral beat of the *Moharram* drums. In the doorway he brushed by Sergeant Abdullah. The inspector signalled to let the old man pass.

When he had gone, Chafik said with voice of humility: "I dare not ask the Compassionate One's forgiveness. I just racked two men, Abdullah; one an old man and one a stripling."

"It is true you bectored the youth, sir, but he is guilty——"

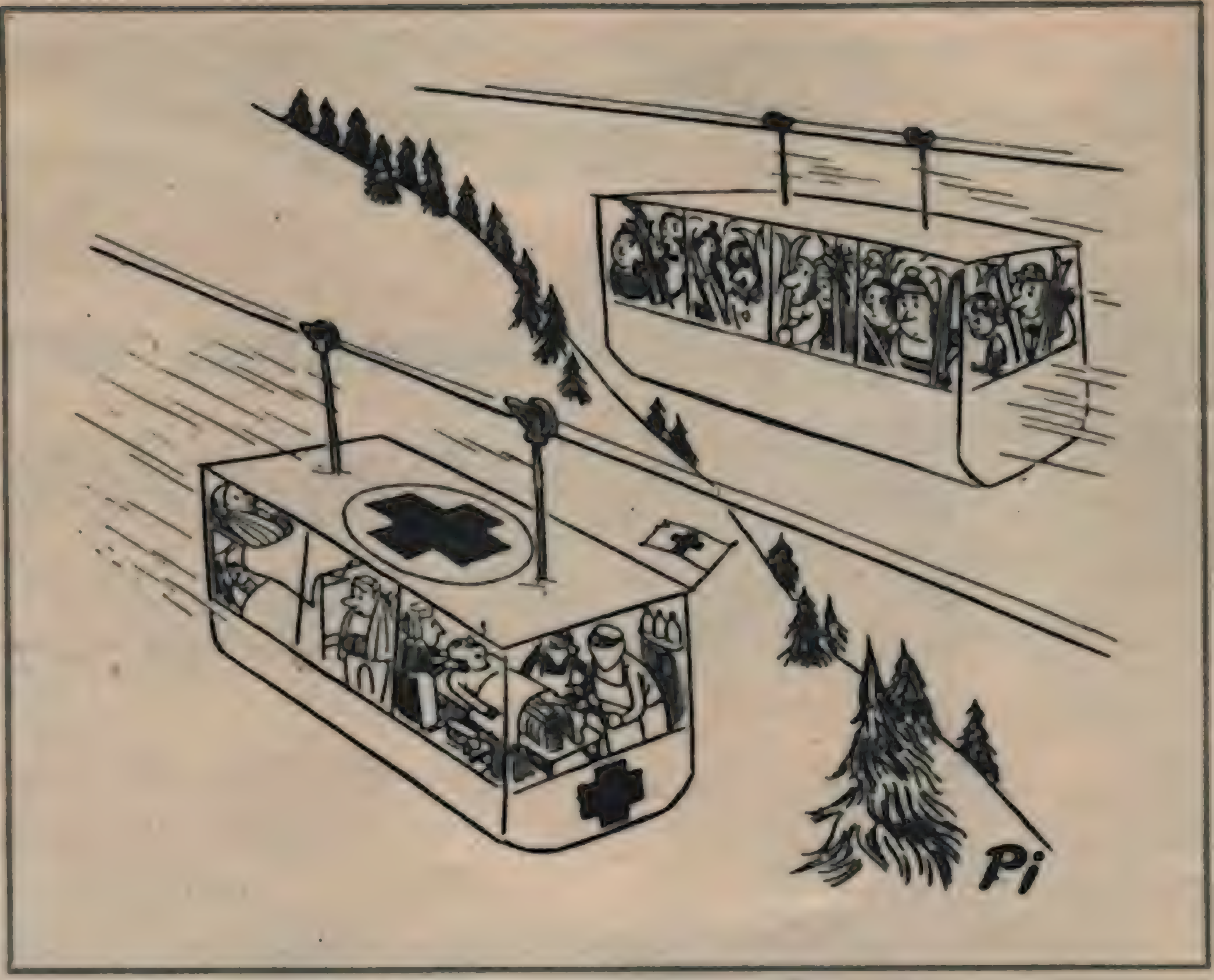
"As innocent as you or I!"

"Sir?" the dour sergeant's jaw sagged.

"A perfumed herring dragged across the trail, first by chance and then by me."

Chafik paused. "I said coincidence is a mischievous kitten. Yet what more natural for the youth to walk near the bier and torture himself with his rival's hour of honour? The young in love like to suffer."

He went on: "A clean hand, not that young man's bloody one, is the sign of the killer. Watch, Abdullah."



Inspector Chafik picked up the strip of silk and wound it over his hand and arm, so the heaviest stain showed on the palm. Then he took the knife. "You see how it was? The knife was dropped, the cloth discarded, and the killer went away clean."

Abdullah looked horrified. "Sir! Hussain Talat has clean hands."

"So have others in Baghdad." Inspector Chafik's voice was grim. "Come, Abdullah. New blood must not be added to old. . . ."

They detoured the area of the mosque where riot police still controlled the mob. Near the Street of the Seventh Imam they caught up with Hussain Talat, who moved slowly, burdened by more than his years. Chafik checked Abdullah and they kept close behind him, watching.

Hussain Talat talked to himself and his voice echoed back from the high walls without meaning. As he neared the house, the voice loudened, and then he was running, with hands outstretched, his shadow leaping before him. When he reached the door, he was exhausted and leaned against it.

Sergeant Abdullah would have gone to him, but Chafik stopped him. Dragging weighted feet, Hussain Talat climbed the stairs.

They gave him a moment, then followed. The door was ajar and they heard the woman cry: "Husband! Why do you look at me? What is it?"

"I saw the knife—the Persian knife I gave you. I saw it."

"Husband——"

"There is fear in you. Evil in you. You put the knife in the hand of Mohammed. You told him I would let the torch go out—you told him to kill——"

"Madness!" the woman screamed.

"You asked me in your wheedling way to carry a torch, to let it go out as the bier of Kasim emerged into the square. You said you hated Ahmed and wished to shame him. The truth was that you wished him dead because he was marrying, because he had finished with you.

"You think I do not know about your young men. In my dotage I became your slave. And so one man is dead—and another, a boy, goes to the gallows. But he shall not."

MY SISTER SYLVIA

See page 30

Sylvia Peters, the TV announcer, is Mr. Rom Petronzio's famous sister

Hussain Talat's voice rose to a shriek. Through the crack in the door, Chafik and Abdullah saw the old man stoop over the woman on the divan; he took her by the throat.

Once again the inspector held back Abdullah. "Not yet," he said softly.

"That boy shall not die," Hussain shouted. "I will kill you first—and myself—and I'll leave a confession that I killed Ahmed, as a cheated husband would. But that boy will not die. He will not be another of your victims. No, no—no more——"

Choking sounds came from the woman. She fought the old man and loosened his grip. "Husband——" she gasped, "I did not send Mohammed. I followed you—*I* killed Ahmed. *I*—there was madness in me. Husband!"

The men in the doorway saw Hussain's hands fall to his sides.

Inspector Chafik went in. "It is too late, madame," he said quietly, "you have confessed." He turned to the stunned old man and said humbly: "How can I ask your pardon? I had to use you and that poor young man I tortured, to wring from this woman the confession required by our law. The evidence I had was too circumstantial. The knife did not have her fingerprints. And this is why. . . ."

He took from his pocket the length of bloodstained silk and arranged it on the dustless strip down the centre of the bureau-top. It fitted.

The woman sprang up, screaming: "You devil! You devil!" The sergeant seized her. "Husband! Husband, help me, pity me," she whimpered. "You have always been good to me—pity me, save me."

Hussain turned back. He said to Chafik: "So you knew?"

"I knew it was not Mohammed, for his hands were bloody. I knew it was not you, for why should a husband kill a lover who is finished with his wife? I knew it could only be a woman who would cry: 'Ahmed, go now to your bride,' as the blow was struck; a woman rejected by her lover and insanely jealous; a woman afraid of mounting years and fading beauty——"

"An evil woman," Hussain Talat said bitterly.

"Call her a Woman of Babylon," said Chafik.

He went to the window and, throwing wide the shutters, looked up at the sky, rose-petalled with the dawn. *Moharram* was nearly over, but the mob still growled in the distance.

"A Roman mob." Inspector Chafik shrugged. "They will be content when I tell them I have a victim to throw to the lions of justice." THE END

A mind of my own

Continued from page 23

and the boat mounting the humped waves and chasing down the troughs. Tucker looked at his son and saw his head set forward straining, staring at the darkness.

The boat rose on a wave and Tucker saw a light ahead, low and red, then another well off port. His son saw them too at the same time and raised his head, staring.

"Well?" Tucker said. "Which is it?"

Mitchell was silent. Tucker looked hard at his son, willing him to turn back.

"We'll see when we're in closer," Mitchell said. "There's a light on the rigging, set a special way."

They reduced speed and moved slowly towards the light of the first boat. Gradually they could see that a whole fleet of boats was out fishing the Banks. Mitchell cut the engine, and the boat drifted, rocking slowly.

"It's not the first one," he said.

A bare lantern flared up on the second boat, farther away to port, and they saw figures moving on the deck. A winch started clanking and a net pulled slowly out of the water.

Tucker watched the netting going on. "Nor the second one, either?" They wallowed in a deep trough. Then, on the crest of the next wave, he could see the light reflected off the wriggling fish in the net. The fishermen spilled them aboard. The fishing boat's lantern made it difficult to see elsewhere on the water.

The winch rattled up and the net swung over the side and out of sight. The light went out.

Mitchell started up the engine again. "Over this way," he said, pointing.

They began to move in towards the black outlines of the hulls, blacker than the water or the sky. Tucker reached out and cut the engine.

ANGER—1

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

Alexander Pope

"Son——"

"What you doing?"

"Son—listen to me." Tucker had to speak. "The other night, when you were away . . . I know you say it's none of my affair. But did you carry anything? I mean, did you collect anything? From the boat?"

"What if I did?"

"Did you, son? Because if you didn't, if they were just trying you out or something. . . ."

"I've started it and I aim to finish it."

"Mitchell, son, think about it, will you? If you haven't done anything yet, if you haven't carried anything for them——"

"I've thought about it."

"Once you go into it, they've got you. You and Marion. And your kids when they come. They've got you."

"There's money in it."

"I guess you don't make enough hauling crab."

Mitchell looked at his father.

Tucker said: "It's not the money, son. You can't tell me it's the money. We get along all right. We're not rich but we get along."

"That's easy for you to say," Mitchell said sullenly. "I just get what you choose to give me."

"Maybe I've been wrong, son," Tucker said slowly. He felt his son's eyes on him and turned to look at him.

"Yes," said Mitchell. "Maybe you have."

Tucker knew he had said all he could say. He got up from his seat at the helm and moved forward to the bow. He sat down in the slowly rocking boat. It was up to his son to be alone and choose.

From where he sat the compass light was a little circle in the dark. He could see one of Mitchell's hands only. The rest of his son's body was a dark shape with the grey, faint water behind.

Mitchell's hand lay beside the compass housing. Tucker kept watching it. He heard the water lap as it rocked the boat. He heard a wave crest hiss close at hand and farther away he could hear the squeak of a boom on one of the fishing boats in the dark working fleet. He sat hearing the sounds without listening to them, watching his son's hand.

It moved suddenly, out of the faint circle of light by the compass. The engine started up.

Tucker sat in the bow and saw the dim shapes of the fishing boats on the beam. Their running lights, red and green, were points in the darkness. He kept looking at them to see which way Mitchell would take the boat. He saw the lights swing gradually across the water until they were off astern. The engine was running strongly and the lights fell away behind.

He felt his own hands and noticed that they were gripping the gunwale on either side of the bow. They were tense and stiff.

After a while he got up and, crouching against the motion of the boat, he moved to the stern.

"You keep the tiller," he said and sat down where Mitchell had been sitting before.

Mitchell steered for the slow flash of the lighthouse ahead in the darkness. He turned on the running lights and the little red light on the port side blinked into sight and out again when they mounted the crests.

"It wasn't the money," Mitchell finally said. "I think I just wanted to be doing something on my own. Away from you."

Tucker nodded his head. "The blame for that is on me, son."

Mitchell shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe it is. But I sat here and thought about it. Maybe I did want to do something apart from you. But I never wanted to do anything against you."

Tucker sat listening. After a while he said: "What about him that blew the car horn outside our door?"

"I thought about him," Mitchell said. "I'll just let him blow it. He can't make any trouble."

"If he does, we can manage anyway, maybe. The two of us."

The steady engine sound pushed at the black night. The lighthouse flashed stronger and stronger as they approached it.

They passed the long arm of the point and slowed down in the bay. With the torch they brought the boat in to shore, secured it, and went together up the beach and along the road to the cottage.

As soon as they touched the latch, Marion was at the door in her dressing-gown, her face drawn tight.

"You're back?" she said.

"Yes," Mitchell said, "both of us."

Tucker and Mitchell went in to the fire. Marion went to the kitchen to make them some tea.

Tucker had something he still wanted to say to his son, but he didn't know how to say it.

"Tonight," he said, "putting myself in the boat with you. It was like a bet. Like a gamble. . . ."

"You were angry," Mitchell said.

"Yes. I was angry. But I never stopped weighing it up, all the same. Sometimes you're afraid you don't know your own son. . . ."

Mitchell was squatting down in front of the fire. He picked up the poker and jabbed at the coals.

"Marion's kept the fire up. It's hot," he said.

She came in through the door carrying the tray. "Yes, I kept the fire up, but if you think I was warm while you two were away, the way you went—well!"

"We came back," Mitchell said.

"Yes, and a good thing, too! Here now, here's the tea. I need it, whether you do or not."

Tucker saw his son smiling and Marion smiling. He took his cup and felt it warm in his hand. Somehow, what he had wanted to say was all said.

THE END

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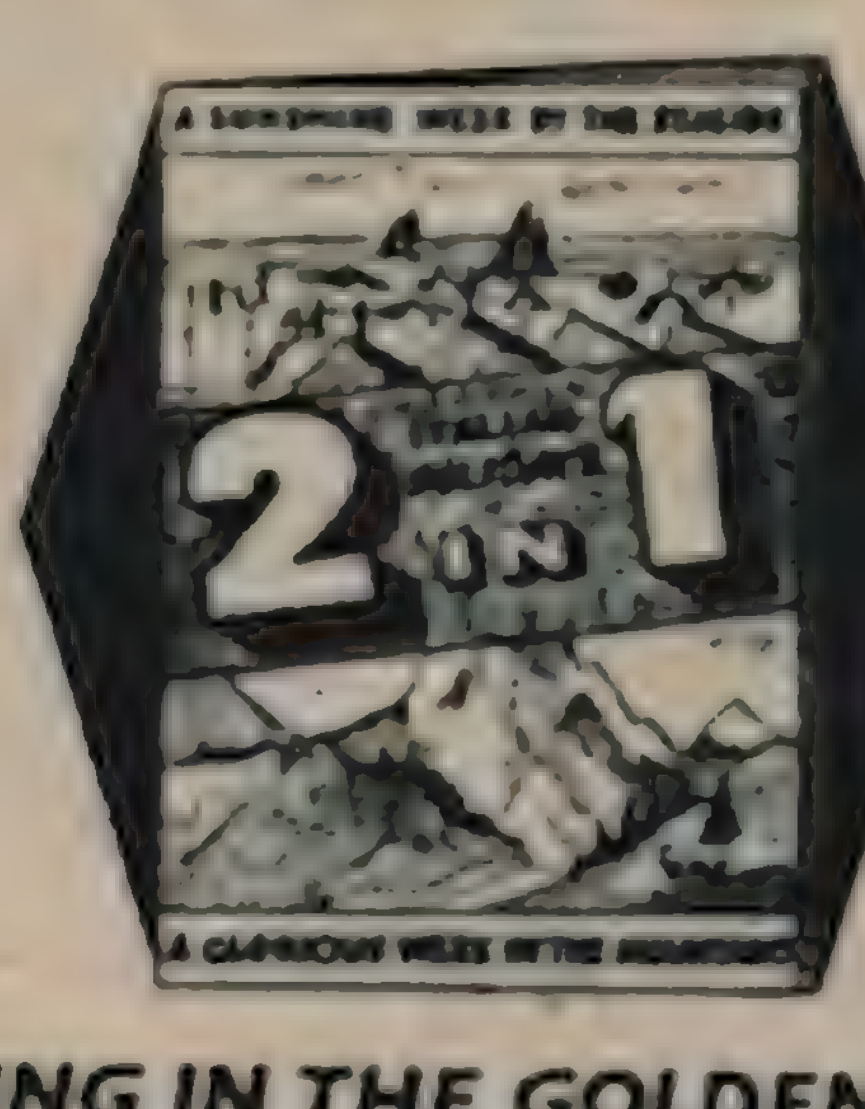

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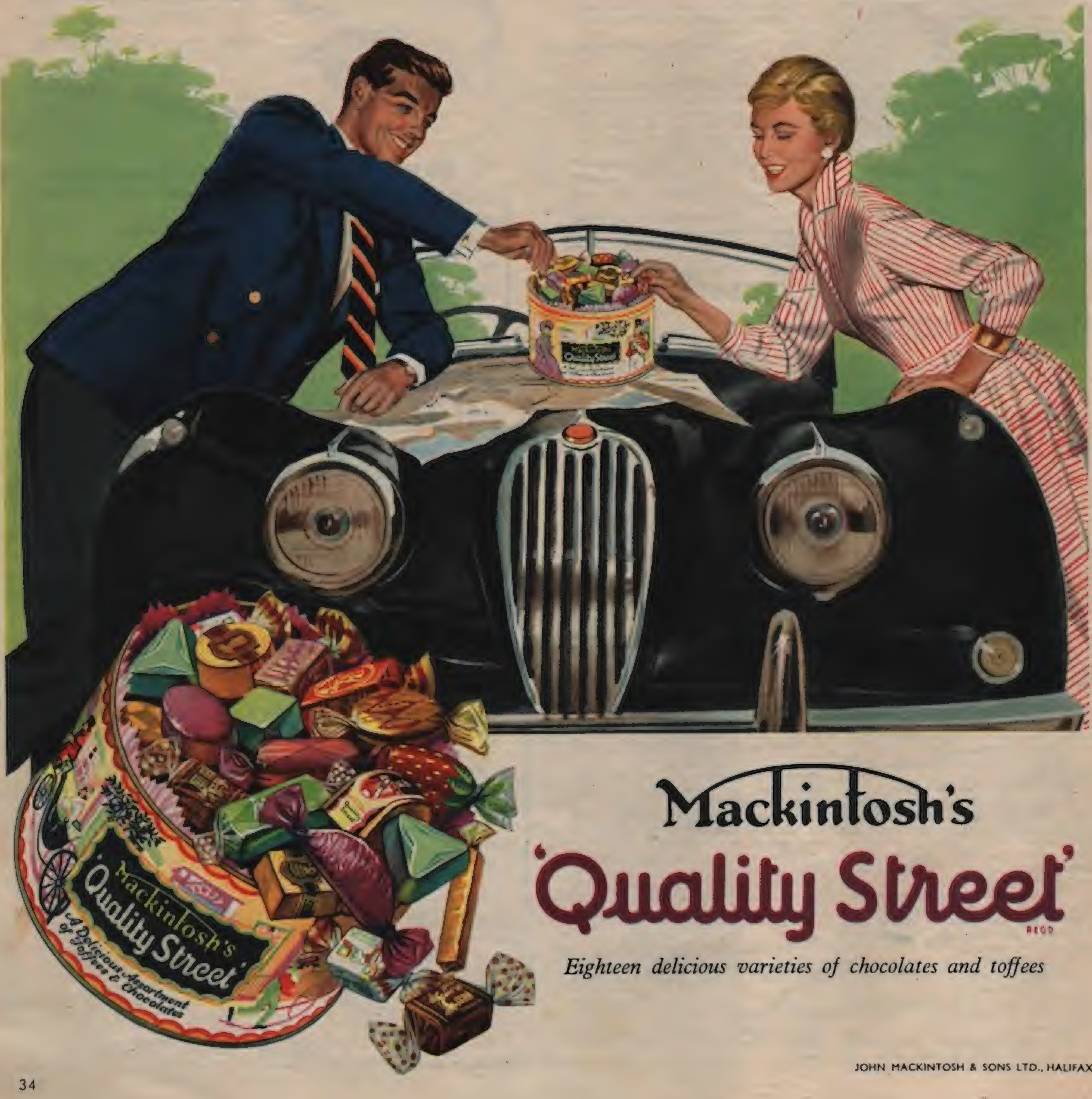
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Far, far the mountain peak

Continued from page 11

COURT NO3
dunn

"Oh well—let's hope *somebody* believes us"

Crack. Are you all going to stay here, or watch from the side? Savage, what about you?"

"I'll go up," Peter said at once.

Her father looked doubtfully at his thin town shoes. "The grass is pretty slippery."

"I'll take my shoes off." He glanced at Adam Khan and asked: "Are you going to stay here with Miss Fenton?"

"I'm coming up," Emily said shortly, and waited, looking somewhere else, until they were all ready.

For a time they followed Gerry and her father up the worn-away slope at the foot of the *cirque*. Peter's feet must have hurt on the sharp rocks, but he didn't give any sign of it and climbed up steadily and with increasing speed, until he was at Gerry's heels.

After half an hour's strenuous but gradual ascent they reached the foot of the cliff. A slope of grass and occasional rock continued on up, though more steeply, to the summit seven hundred feet above. To the left stretched the black cliffs of Cader Brith, six hundred feet high, almost vertical, not smooth, but split by fissures, crevices and narrow chimneys.

Gerry and Mr. Fenton roped up, Gerry leading. The rest of them, led by Peter, scrambled on up the grass until Peggy called breathlessly: "There, Peter! That's the best place to watch from." They sank down in a group and looked across the face of the cliff. The two climbers were already a hundred feet up above the detritus, and going fast.

"They're on an easy pitch," Peggy said importantly. "Each separate part of a climb is called a pitch. The next one's easy, too. The one after that, level with us, is the bad one on that route."

"They all look difficult to me," Adam Khan said cheerfully.

"Gerry and Uncle G. are good climbers," Peggy said.

PETER SAVAGE was lying on his stomach where the grass verge hung over the cliff, chin on his cupped hands, intently watching the two men on the rope.

Peggy said eagerly, "See where that ridge of knobby rock gives out? They have to work up that tiny crack—the South Crack. Gerry and Uncle G. have done it half a dozen times, but it's always exciting."

Gerry had edged his fingers into the crack and placed his feet against the wall on either side for the sake of what little friction they could find. He went up slowly, and they could see the painful grimness of his expression as he relied almost wholly on his fingers to get him up.

"Why doesn't Mr. Fenton give him more rope?" Peter asked suddenly.

"Because, if Gerry should fall, the extra slack would jerk tight and make it more likely that the rope would break," Emily said, trying to make it sound like an obvious answer to a foolish question.

"What's the breaking strain of that rope?" Peter asked then, at once.

"Oh, I don't know, about——"

"Three hundred pounds, I think," Peggy said.

"It'll break anyway, then, if Gerry falls. There'd be a lot more slack then."

"The leading man *mustn't* fall," Peggy said, repeating the lesson that had been drummed into them over and over again.

Peter Savage said, "No. . . ."

Gerry was sweating, although the sun was almost off the rock and there was little heat in its rays. A pause, another long, slow reach up—like a caterpillar moving—and Gerry edged himself wholly into the top of the widened crack. Only the outward pressure of feet and back held him there. He raised one leg, pressed it firmly against the opposite side, and then raised the other to join it. Pressing down and back with his hands and gradually straightening his arched back, he crept upwards.

He reached the top of the chimney, made a firm belay round a low, thick pinnacle of rock, and Emily's father followed him up. Soon they joined the others on the grass.

As soon as Gerry sat down, and while he was drinking copiously from the flask of hot tea that Peggy carried slung round her shoulders, Emily said, "Gerry, when you've rested let's go up the Spire—you and Peggy and I."

Gerry nodded as he handed back the flask. "Thanks, Peg. That's a good idea. Uncle G., do you want to come?" Emily's father shook his head, and Gerry turned to Peter. "The Spire's not so hard as the Crack, and you can see more clearly what's going on. You and Adam can watch from here."

"I'd like to come with you," Peter Savage said.

Emily's father said gravely, "That's not an easy climb for a beginner, Savage. And you don't have any boots."

"I'll go in my socks," Peter said, "the way I am now."

Her father moved his shoulders uncomfortably. He had made his opinion plain, and this young man had no business to press his own against it. It was not done; it was bad manners.

But Peggy said, "Peter will be all right, Uncle G. It's not a *hard* climb."

And Gerry said, "I'll turn back if there's any need, Uncle G. Leave it to me. Only four's too many on the rope. We'd have to make two parties."

Emily said at once, "I'll stay."

Gerry said, "But Emily, it was you——"

"It doesn't matter. Mr. Savage will only be here for a few days."

"Well, in that case—that'll be all right, Uncle G., won't it?"

Her father hesitated a moment longer, then said gruffly, "Very well. You're not children any more. We'll watch from here."

Gerry sprang to his feet. "Now, Peter," he said, "you've got to learn how to tie the rope." He uncoiled it and began showing Peter the various knots used by climbers—the double-knotted bowline, the double bowline, the triple butterfly, and others.

Then they trudged off towards the foot of the Spire. Emily lay on her side to watch. She knew her father would have liked to say something about Peter Savage, but with Adam Khan there he could not. Instead he got out his pipe and began the ritual of lighting it.

Adam Khan said thoughtfully: "Peter has really made up his mind to be a mountaineer."

"He has the determination, all right," her father said. "Climbing in thin socks, on that rock!"

Adam Khan said: "I think the mountains had better look out for themselves."

Her father flung away his tenth match and said between puffs: "The mountains have to be loved, too."

Three hours later they were all striding back down the rough path towards Llyn Gared, and the sun had long since left the valleys. Unfortunately there was no doubt about one thing: Peter Savage was going to be a good climber. . . .

ANGER—2

A man should study always to keep cool. He makes his inferiors his superiors by heat.

R. W. Emerson

Extracts from letters written by Peter Savage from Rudwal, India . . . January, 1905, to March, 1909:

Jan. 6, '05.

Dear Gerry,

At the moment I am "under instruction," which means that I do anything that seems to need doing, or that Philipson tells me to do. Philipson is the D.C., and so my lord and master for the next year.

I have met Adam Khan once or twice. His father was furious with him for not going into the I.C.S., and the row has not really died down yet. Adam looks strange, at first sight, in Punjabi dress, but after a time you get used to it. We have a plan to work together when I finally get this district myself.

I have definitely decided that this is the district I want, not because of Adam so much as for the mountains in the Northern Tehsils, and over the border in Parasia. . . . I do not know when I will get long leave, but when I do I promise you we'll have a long season in the Alps together. I will get shorter leaves before then, of course, and will spend them in the Himalayas. I have a feeling that the Alps are going to be merely a training-ground in future: real fame will come only to men who find and conquer new peaks here. . . .

July 26, '06.

Dear Gerry,

There is no need to tell you what I have been doing, as you saw for yourself during the cold weather. I won't tell you again how wonderful it was to see you out here, because I told you at the time. . . .

I have taken a month's leave and am living in the Forest Rest House here in Harkamu, the "capital" of the Northern Tehsils.

Thanks for sending the *Alpine Journals* on to me when you have read them. That was an interesting piece of Harry Walsh's in the last number. He seems to be making a considerable name for himself, while I sit here in a log hut in Harkamu. Still, I have been over 19,000 feet on the mountains immediately north of here, and suspect that sheer altitude is going to raise problems which the Alps will not prepare one for. . . .

A *Survey of India* man who came through Rudwal a year ago dropped mysterious hints about Parasia, and now more light is beginning to emerge. Parasia is an enormous area, officially a province of Western Tibet but actually just about as much without a ruler as it is without a population. . . . There is a very high mountain in the middle of it—27,000 feet—which has been tentatively named Maru. . . .

PS. I had sealed up this letter when the post office *chuprasi* brought your telegram. I am sorry for your sake, Gerry, and can only hope that you will not take it harder than is—well, true. Your father has really been dead for a long time, as far as you are concerned, the way mine died for me when I learned as a child that he had disappeared. Please give my sympathy to Peggy.

Oct. 15, '07.

Dear Gerry,

You and Walsh seem to have had a wonderful time in Peru, except for that fall. You need me with you. I see in the *A.J.* that Barnwell and Ingram failed to make the north-east wall of the Weisshorn. They say the weather turned against them late in the morning, but I can't help wondering. . . . We'll mark it up as another first for the team of Savage and Manningford—sorry, Savage and Wilcot.

The existence of Maru has not been officially revealed, and will not be till '09, I hear, but it *does* exist, and its height is 27,141. . . .

You ask what I think about the proposal that you go into politics. It might be a fine idea, provided you had some definite purpose. When I made the remark about your becoming the Viceroy, you had not succeeded to the title. Now you have, and the idea is much more than a castle in the air. It is perfectly feasible, though it would take time. . . .

It is definite that I am coming home on leave this year, and I shall get Rudwal when I return here. Philipson is going to stick it out till then, though the doctors tell him he ought to go now.

"I sail May 23, on the Ravi from Bombay. I'll go overland from Marseilles and spend a few

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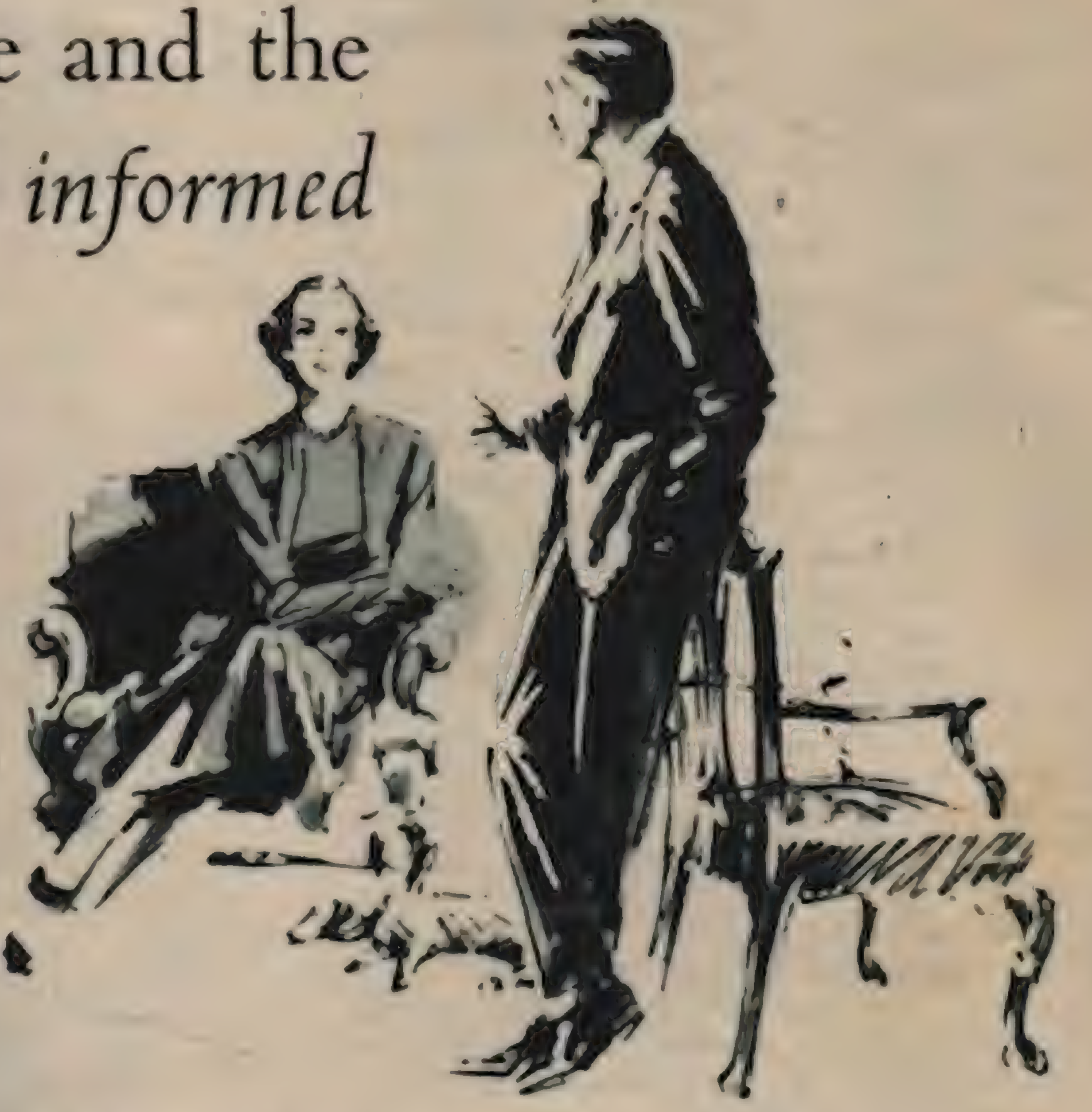

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days with Grandfather in London, calling on the Sec. of State, etc., before coming to Switzerland. If you go out about the middle of June you can have all the arrangements made by the time I arrive in Zermatt, and we won't waste a day.

I am working out a really big eight-week tour of all the big peaks in the Valais, the Bernese Oberland, and the Hautes Alpes, and will send details of it to you as soon as it is ready. I want to combine a wide variety of experience with the maximum amount of climbing.

In a way it is a good thing that the Fentons can't get away till August, as it leaves us free to get the really serious work done before Emily and Peggy arrive.

I am already beginning to get shivers up and down my back at the prospect of seeing the Matterhorn again. We'll go up the first day after I reach Zermatt. I am exercising hard, especially to get my arms stronger. One's legs and wind are in pretty good shape, anyway, with the kind of life we lead.

Yours ay,
Peter.

He laid the pen down slowly. The ink was nearly dry already. He crumpled up the extra sheet of paper he had placed under his hand to write on so that the sweat should not stain the letter to Gerry, and threw it into the wastepaper basket.

He had to decide, he thought, during the coming year, whether he was going to marry Peggy Holcombe or not. If he'd been speaking aloud to someone (inconceivable thought), or even writing to Gerry, he would have had to say, "Whether I shall ask Peggy to marry me." But to think in such treacly phrases would be the kind of hypocrisy he was fighting against.

Everyone who knew them knew that he had only to ask, and Peggy would say yes. Therefore—should he ask? She was as handsome a girl as most. She was well-born, rich, pleasant-natured. Everybody except Gerry was convinced that he somehow had no alternative but to marry her because he had written to her once a month or so for seven years.

By God, he thought, with sudden fierceness, *do they know me so little that they imagine I cannot resist having Lady Margaret Holcombe, sister of a future Viceroy, as my wife?*

If life was a climb, marriage was another, going on within and yet separate from it. If every married couple was a *cordée*, did he want Peggy as his partner on that rope? Could she follow where he led? Could *she* lead?

He lit another cheroot, opened another bottle of beer. Perhaps he would fall in love. It was not in human power to control the arrival of circumstances, only to master them when they had arrived. He had not made Maru, or even had any hand in bringing its existence to light—but now it was there, and he was going to conquer it.

Who knew but what some woman would be revealed, as suddenly and with as startling an effect—a woman as worthy of every sacrifice, as inspiring, as this Maru which, also, he had never seen?

Perhaps she would be married; let her be. To reach her, nothing would stop him. Nothing. . . .

SWITZERLAND, August 24, 1909. . . . A brilliant day, one of an endless succession that had followed them throughout the eight weeks. All around the peaks shone in the sun, thrusting up far above that high point where they stood, on the summit of the Obergabelhorn.

Peter Savage looked around slowly, feeling as he did when he used to look around his settlement office in India, at the end of each week's work, and mutter to himself: "Done, dealt with, put away, mastered."

There was not a single major summit in view that he and Gerry had not climbed; sometimes in this blinding clarity of sun and snow and Alpine wind; sometimes with the heavy mist surging around and the weeping rock as slimy as seaweed; sometimes clinging to the mountain while the outraged summit wind shrieked in their ears; once at least in a passionless snowfall, when very large, mysterious snowflakes, wet and solid, drifted like blobs of ice cream into their eyes for an hour on the ascent.

Now, as they stood on the Obergabelhorn, Zermatt lay like a fat sheep asleep in its sunny valley.

"We've done it," Gerry said, and held out his hand. They looked at each other for a moment.

Peter thought: *I don't suppose I'll ever know a better man; I don't suppose there is one.* He said: "I don't know what I'd do without you, Gerry." He meant it.

Gerry grinned. "My heavens, Peter, you're going to be the greatest mountaineer that ever lived. You *are*, dash it!"

The paring down of the flesh was the only change in Gerry, but Peter knew he'd need time to rest and put on a little fat, physical and spiritual. The main purpose had been achieved. Gerry now knew that the limits of his will were much farther beyond "normality" than he had thought.

Peter said: "Let's go down. The Fentons must have arrived there last week. We'll take a day or two off, and then do some ladies' climbs."

"The Furgge ridge of the Matterhorn?" Gerry said with a grin.

Peter laughed, and they set off down the north-east ridge towards the Wellenkuppe. Gerry had sprained his ankle that morning and was hobbling a little.

It seemed a long way down, over the Wellenkuppe, down the long ridge, along the edge of the glacier, down into the rocky valley, past the Trift Hotel with the people sitting out in the late afternoon sun, their climbing boots changed for shoes; on down in steep zigzags beside the shouting Trift River.

Gerry was in front then, and they could see, through the pines, the back of the Edelweiss Hotel, and beyond it the blue-gold air and then the farther slope.

There, just after they entered the trees, Gerry stopped short and gasped, "Peggy, Emily!" The two girls were coming towards them, saw them, and broke into a run.

For a moment they were all running together. Then two of them, Emily and Peter, stopped running at the same time, so it was the brother and sister who met first, and hugged each other happily.

Then Peggy came on towards Peter. "You haven't changed a bit," she said tremulously.

Beyond her he saw Gerry hugging Emily with the same kind of boisterousness he had used to Peggy; then he swung her round at the full stretch of his arms. She said: "You're thinner."

"Of course I am," he cried. "Lost pounds of useless fat. Feel my muscles." He held out his flexed arm, but Emily did not touch it or even look at it; she was looking at Peter. "Hallo, Peter," she said. "You look just the same."

They started on again, Emily Fenton in the lead, then Gerry, then Peggy, and himself last. He recalled that he had not said a word in all the interchanges, and still he could not, though Peggy, walking directly in front of him, kept glancing back at him with a smile.

Emily said: "Did you do all that you said you were going to in that letter you wrote just after Peter arrived?"

"Yes—and more," Gerry said. "Didn't we, Peter? Twenty-three major peaks in fifty-three days, sometimes two a day, and in all weathers."

"Any narrow squeaks?" Emily's voice was casual.

Gerry fell into the trap and said eagerly: "Oh yes, two or three. You see, we've been taking calculated risks all the time, pretending that each mountain, however unimportant, is Maru."

"Maru?" Emily said. "Where is it? I've never heard of it."

"Surely I must have told you?" Gerry said.

"No, you didn't tell me."

"It's a mountain in Parasia—between Western Tibet and the Karakorams—twenty-seven thousand one hundred and forty-one feet high. Peter and I are going to climb it."

Soon they were in Zermatt, and Mr. and Mrs. Fenton were hurrying forward across the hotel lounge to hug Gerry, and Peter was shaking their hands and smiling and laughing among them all, while Emily stood a little aside, an odd expression on her face.

They arranged to gather in the coffee room for a big supper in a couple of hours' time, and then Peter made his excuses and went up to the room reserved for him, undressed, and sank back with a sigh into a large hot bath.

He had left the bathroom window a little open so that the steam would not fill the room, and through that tiny crack, flowing in among and between the cloudbanks of steam, came the music of a waltz.

Peggy had never looked better, he thought. Also, she had turned into a woman during these seven years, not so much in any change of figure, as in a quality of ripeness. When he was at Cambridge she had always seemed less *ready* than Emily.

He got out of the bath and began to dry himself. The faint music still filled the room, but now he was seeing Peggy as mistress of his bungalow in Rudwal—the D.C.'s house with the big garden and the staff of fourteen.

Peggy in camp? Yes, there, too. She would admire the startling sunsets and exclaim when the cough of the leopards sawed the night; but the circle of lamplight in the tent would give her no vision of the dark beyond.

Then suddenly it was Emily across the table. For her it was the enormous unknown of the darkness beyond that held the secrets of ecstasy, not the closed circle of the light. There was an unease at the pit of his stomach, such as he always felt when alternatives began to take shape.

A low voice said: "Peter, are you dressed? I want to come in." It was Emily Fenton.

"Wait a moment." He pulled on his trousers, a shirt, and his dressing-gown, and opened the door. Emily stepped in quickly. He left the door open; she was an unmarried girl. She made a short gesture that he should close it. He did so.

She was in evening dress, a cloak thrown over her shoulders, and her skin pale ivory. Her eyes were very grey and her hair a deep, thick auburn.

She spoke suddenly. "You've got to let go of Gerry."

"Why?" he said.

"Because you'll destroy him if you

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 8

by Commander Douglas Duff

The buried gold of Oak Island

WHAT happened to the vast treasure which Captain William Kidd harvested during his years of piracy? Only a few thousand pounds was recovered after he was hanged—he broke the rope twice—at Execution Dock, Wapping, on May 23, 1701.

Yet one of his many prizes, the Queda Merchant, was valued at £45,000, while a French privateer he took in the Caribbean had £10,000 in gold specie in her cabin. And they are only two of scores.

Kidd was noted for his tight-fisted ways with money and no one has satisfactorily explained what happened to his hoard.

He knew the Nova Scotian waters well. He was often there and maybe the world's most baffling buried treasure mystery, the Money Pit of Oak Island, one of the hundreds of islets in Mahone Bay, holds the answer. For more than 160 years many men have been trying to find out.

The first were Vaughan, Smith and McGinnis in 1795. They found the shaft beneath an oak tree, just as an old man whose father had sailed with Kidd told them they would. At every ten feet, as they dug down through packed sand and clay, they struck a platform of stout oaken logs. Beneath the eighth they came on a layer of coconut fibre and, beneath it, foot-thick ship's putty, set hard.

That evening, when they were through the putty and digging fast, they found a stone slab and more oak. They were sure they were near the treasure, but it was nightfall and they left.

When they returned, the shaft was flooded to the thirty-foot level and could not be baled-out. It filled as fast as they pumped.

It took them two years to sink a companion shaft, to a depth of 110 feet, but, when they tunnelled through to the original, they were almost drowned by the inrush of water.

In 1849, Vaughan returned with a new syndicate. They brought up shavings of gold and a jewel from the ninety-eight-foot level, also wood from a chest, but their shaft flooded. In 1865, another party found that the water came from five well-laid drains from the beach, feeding a deep cistern set to break through at the level at which the first three men struck it. The coffer-dam they erected to restrain the water burst, and they nearly drowned.

Years later, a fourth shaft flooded, but before it did so the explorer's bore proved that there was a second chamber, *of concrete*, at 136 feet.

Gold shavings brought up suggested that it was a second and larger treasure chamber, maybe set so that even if the upper chamber was found, the bulk of the hoard would be safe, as the treasure-hunters would retire in triumph, believing that they had found all.

Every few years, men set out to solve the riddle of the Money Pit. Big expeditions in 1937 and 1939 failed, as all have done. Yet the treasure which was so carefully guarded must be vast to justify the trouble and expense of cutting that shaft.

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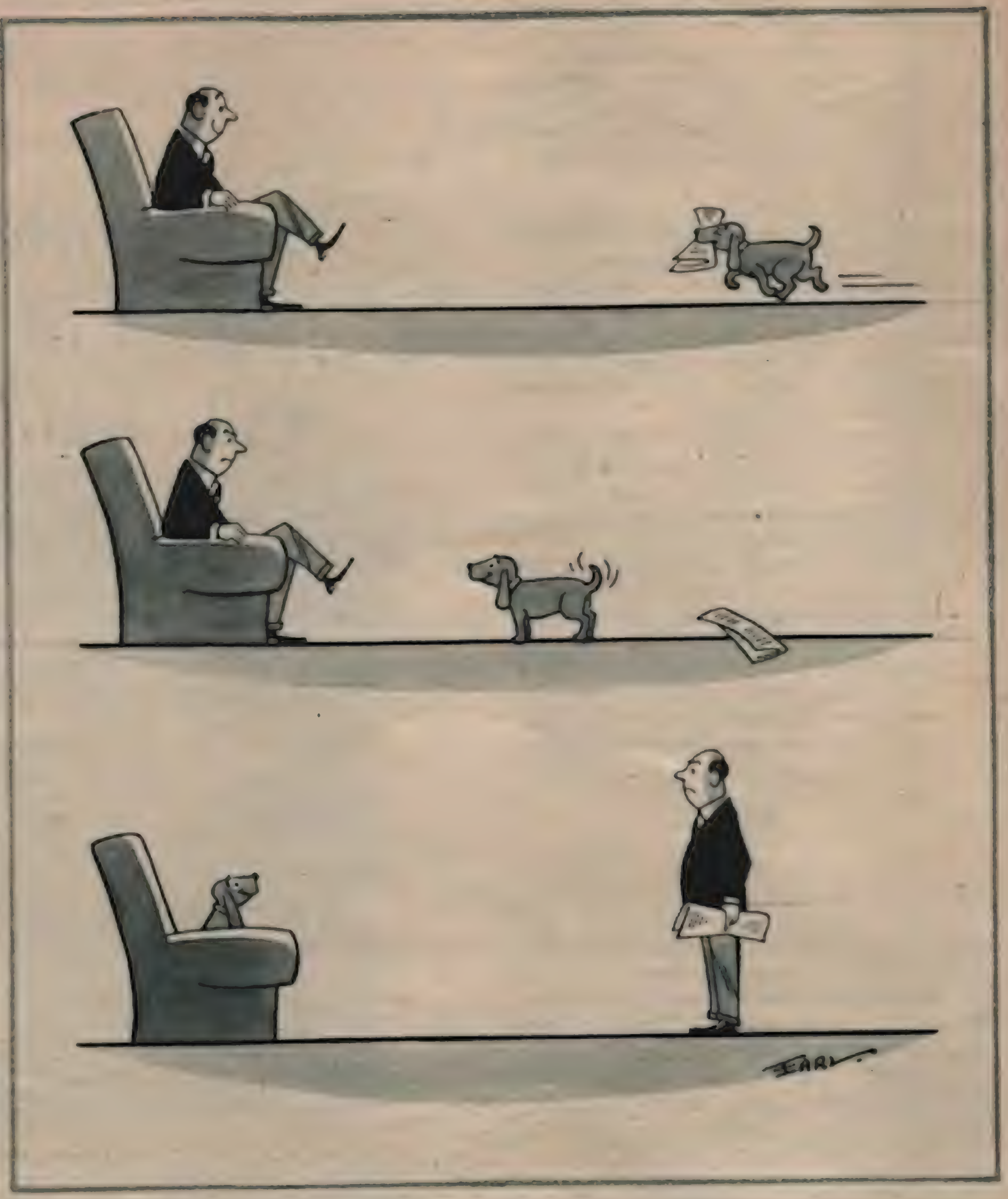

go on the way you are,'' she said. "He's not like you, and he never can be. Can't you see that you're breaking his nerve now? You talk about strengthening it, but all people aren't like you, thank God"—this with sudden real viciousness. "He's a gentleman. It's no use trying to make a Napoleon out of him because he isn't one, and I don't want him to be one. Nor does he.''

He felt himself rising to the challenge, his personality coming together from the diffused state caused by relaxing in the bath, the long tour done and the mountains conquered.

He said: "Is Gerry a child? It's easy enough to untie the rope.''

"No, it's not easy for Gerry to untie the rope.''

She made a small movement of her hand that dismissed the anger that had been growing between them. She said: "I was angry with you today. You saw. I suppose I've always been jealous of you, too, because since he met you you have meant more to him than—anything or anybody. I'm not angry now, because I've had time to think. I don't really hate you, Peter—I admire you and wish I could be like you, just as Gerry and Peggy do. But I've got to speak before it is too late. Gerry simply does not have the nerve, the willpower, whatever you want to call it, that you have. He's not like you; he's good and gentle and considerate.''

"Nothing like me,'' he said coldly, because that was his nature, but not denying her statement.

"No,'' she said flatly, "you are different. Whatever you are, it's not 'good and gentle.' It may be something much greater, but it isn't that. You're tuning Gerry higher than he can go. I felt when I saw you both today that he was a cello that someone, a god or a devil but not a person, had taken because he liked the shape, and was tightening the screws, stretching the strings tighter, trying to make it play the score of a violin, at the top of a violin's range.

"It can't be done. Something's got to break, shatter, all of a sudden.'' She broke off, and then asked abruptly: "When are you going to Maru?''

"Reconnaissance in nineteen-eleven, climb it in nineteen-thirteen,'' he said. They had talked it out thoroughly in a score of Alpine huts.

"Oh, God!'' she said, and she did not use the words lightly. She sat down slowly and put her head in her hands. He looked at the closed door; listened, disembodied, to the faint creak and pad of feet moving along the corridor, the lilting music of the band outside the hotel opposite.

"Why don't you ask him to marry you?'' he said suddenly.

She started violently and went pale. She said: "You know why.''

"Because he'd have to say yes?''

She nodded, and he said: "Would you have to say yes if he asked you?''

She stared at him, and her face became aware, alive again, but not angry. She said: "No.''

"Would Peggy have to say yes if I asked her?''

She nodded.

"And I, if Peggy asked me?''

She shook her head.

"I'm not talking about pressure from outside, or who is capable of standing up against convention,'' he said.

"I know,'' she said, and she did.

He walked away from her slowly and stared out of the window.

"No one but me really sees what you're doing.'' She spoke very low, almost whispering. "Peggy—nothing, because it's you. My father and mother—a little; but for every worry, for every time they notice a new line around his eyes, something different about his mouth, they see the new strength, the expertness, the decision.''

"Those are real,'' he said.

"Of course—but he's not Gerry any more.''

He said: "Do you want to know what's happened to Gerry?''

"Yes,'' she said, "of course. But——''

He said: "Tomorrow. Come with me tomorrow, and we'll climb the Zmutt ridge of the Matterhorn—guideless. Are you fit enough?''

She stared at him. She said: "Yes. How did you know that it was my dream to climb the Zmutt ridge—guideless? And arrive at the top by dawn.''

He didn't answer.

She said: "It's a dream, but it's not actually impossible. Only, the amateurs good enough to take me wouldn't do it because it wouldn't be safe. I might lose my nerve.''

"I'll go with you tomorrow,'' he said, "but I won't *take* you. *We* will climb the Zmutt ridge, guideless—and reach the summit at dawn, and come down to the Hörnli.''

Bliss

by FREDA C. BOND

Midsummer bliss is this:
To lie on the thymey earth and
gaze
Up, up into the haze
Of blue air circling as persistently
As the slow-wheeling gulls
High, high above the promontory.

Though creeping time annuls
Midsummer's bliss, its counter-
part is here,
When the snow, falling, lends
Illusion to the upward gazing eye,
Until the gazer feels that he
ascends
Up, up into the white
Abode of sun and snow and
mystery
Above the winter night.

Her grey eyes began to take on an extraordinary, vivid life of their own. "All right,'' she said. "Tomorrow.''

He said: "Gerry wants to rest his ankle.''

She said: "Peggy's got a headache—migraine.''

He said: "I'll find out in the morning who's going up to the Hörnli, and arrange to join them. That'll fix the chaperonage. I'll tell your father we've got a guide—but we'll go to the Schönbül.''

"What about the people whom we're supposed to join at the Hörnli?'' she asked calmly.

"I'll send a boy up with a note, telling them we've cried off.''

She nodded, her eyes aflame. Then she said suddenly: "I've got to go. I'll get into awful trouble if anyone finds me here.''

But he hadn't finished. He wanted to keep those eyes alight with their deep, wondering fire, to keep the lips parted in her wide, strong mouth. He said: "What else are your dreams, that you think you can never make come true?''

She was a flamingly beautiful young woman. How could he have known her so long, and even suspected the fire under the overbred calm of her manner, and still have stood away and aloof?

For Gerry, of course. . . .

She did not answer his question. Instead, she stood braced, as though pushing him away from her. Then she broke and hurried for the door.

"Tomorrow,'' she whispered. . . .

Emily awoke in the Schönbül hut with an almost terrifying surge of consciousness. It was midnight, and someone was scratching at the door of the women's bunk room. Peter. She stepped out and up in one motion and whispered: "All right.''

She dressed quickly and went out to him. By the light of the lantern he checked her clothes, boots, rope, ice axe, and all the articles in his own light pack.

"Take your skirt off,'' he said. She obeyed quickly, turning her back, though under the skirt she wore heavy tweed breeches.

"Where shall I put it?'' she asked. Usually women left their skirts under a rock near the foot of the ascent and put them on again on the way down; but they would not be returning this way.

"Under the bunk,'' he said.

Then she followed him into the moonlight and they began to walk quickly across the Zmutt glacier. Halfway across, suddenly, she stopped and said: "I am afraid.''

He stopped and faced her, the moonglow softening his face, so that he looked like a tensed, patient Apollo. He said: "You're not afraid. We're not going to fail, or fall. I've been up here twice, and I know it—and I know you. I know you're not going to lose your nerve anywhere, whatever happens. You're not a lady"—he grinned, and his teeth flashed momentarily—"you're a climber."

They began climbing. At the difficult places he held the lantern in his teeth as the guides did, but that, too, he had practised. Her own legs were long; there was need, for in places the stretch was long between footholds.

She watched, waiting. He reached up, crept his fingers into a rugosity of the rock, and held them. The cold seeped inside her coat, and the bleak wind soughed across the face of the ridge. A steady pull; then he leaned away, held by balance alone; a short step, and he was up, digging his ice axe into the snow, anchoring the rope around a rock, the lamp set down in snow under the rock.

She could not reach the place where he had taken his first fingerhold. "I can't reach," she said, but as she spoke she felt a gentle pressure in the rope, and, "Now," his voice spoke, lifting her. A long stretch, and her fingers gripped the rock, and, "Now," he said again, and she caught the rhythm, holding the mountain away as she held a partner in the waltz, stepping quick and neatly up until she joined him.

Always he was waiting for her, but as she climbed she knew that they could walk side by side—if this were not a mountain—for his waiting was not impatient, nor was his leading the leading of a guide. She was his companion, and as the blood flowed free through her veins she was his partner.

Oh, Gerry, she thought; *poor Gerry*!

THEY reached the summit. She remembered no details of the climb, only the circle of lamplight, a little rock, she and Peter, the first high light, strength and certainty.

"The stars have gone," she whispered, her voice trembling. Six thousand feet in six hours; the Zmutt ridge, guideless; she, a woman—any one of these was enough to explain the quaking of her heart, yet all of them together could not explain it.

He said: "Ready to go down?"

As they moved off down the Hörnli ridge, some of the elation left her. They would not be alone on the mountain for long. She wondered what Gerry was thinking.

She set her jaw and moved faster still. Wait till they saw her striding into Zermatt without a skirt! Oh, just wait!

In another hour they passed the Schwarzsee and entered the forests as the path zigzagged down. The sun shone directly on their backs, throwing long shadows ahead of them, and it was morning, the cowbells tolling slowly in the fields.

"Let's rest," Peter said. He turned off the path, where it ran along the steep slope above the Zmuttbach, and led back along the hillside. He stopped beside a tree near the edge of a low cliff.

She stopped a couple of feet from him, holding her eyes steady on his face. She had something to say and, if she waited, she would say it, for the words were welling up like water from an overfull spring. *I never knew you, Peter. I'm sorry. I understand—but Gerry doesn't and never will.*

He looked tired for the first time that she could remember. She was not afraid of him, and it was true, as it always had been, that he was destroying Gerry, but only because he was looking for a companion, such as he had found in her for these few hours.

Then he stepped forward and took her in his arms, reaching down with his mouth for her mouth, placing his lips on hers, and seeking her. She put her arms round his neck and stood relaxed against him, wondering. His hand slid up deep into the hair at the nape of her neck.

"Emily, marry me."

She nodded. Her lower lip trembled so that she had to bite it with her teeth, and her eyes were full, and the far trees were blurred in the bright sun.

"We'll go straight to the hotel and tell Gerry," he said.

To be continued next week

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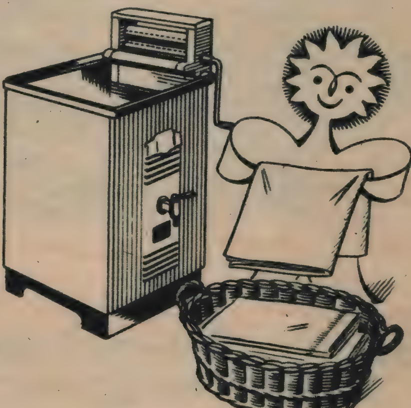

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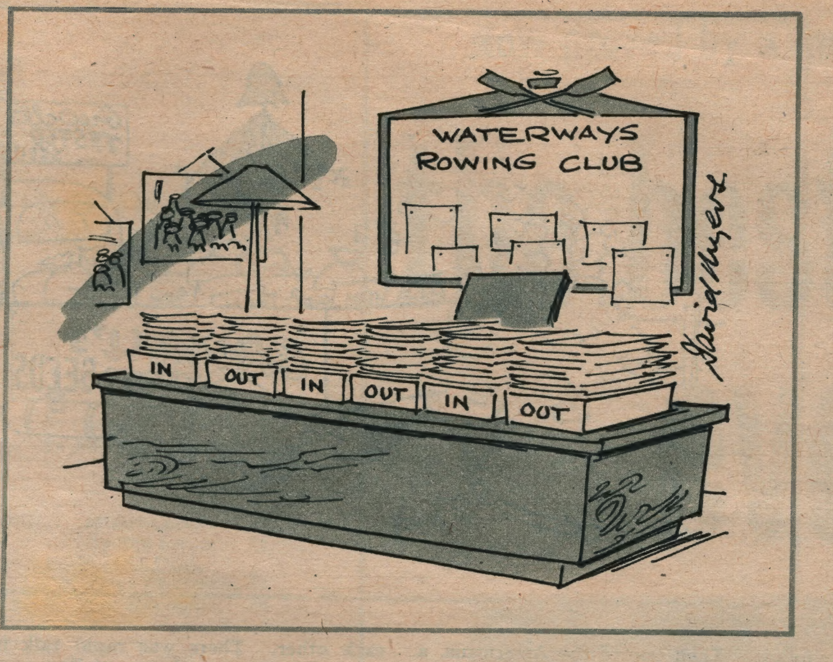
These men are dangerous

Continued from page 21



signal. Dot dot dash dot . . . dot dot dash dot. . . .

The Halifax swept on and away. Had it seen us, or were we too late with the fires? We waited, and after what seemed hours, but could not have been more than a minute, the engines were heard again.

"Be ready with more petrol," shouted Bob.

The fires were lit anew. The Halifax made a dummy run over them and returned to start the drop. A black shape—the jeep—detached itself, and the plane, released from the weight, leaped upwards. On the third run came six containers and, finally, on the fourth run, Stewart and his men. The Maquis moved in from the sides of the field to collect them.

We had several accidents. The jeep overshot the DZ, crashed into a dense wood and could not be freed for two and a half hours. One parachutist lost his leg-bag—the rope had snapped—leaving him with nothing but his revolver and the clothes he was wearing. Another man, Lance-Corporal Brearton, followed the jeep down into the wood and got strung up in a tree. Dangling in mid-air, he saw men beating through the undergrowth beneath him, but was unable to tell if they were French or German.

At last he felt he could tolerate his predicament no longer and called out. The men, who were Maquis searching for the jeep, promptly gathered at the foot of his tree and baffled him with advice in their native tongue.

"Get Captain Harrison," he yelled in desperation. "Get Major Melot. Get Lieutenant Richardson. Get *anybody* who speaks English."

He eventually managed to fall to the ground safely by cutting the rigging lines of his chute, but his opinion of France and the French was never quite the same.

That morning Bob Melot searched for a site for our independent camp. He returned at 2 p.m., delighted.

"There's a good spot in the forest about two miles from Chevrier's outposts," he said. "It is near a freshwater spring and has a concealed path for the jeeps."

As we got together our equipment and stores for the move, I marvelled at the jeep which had been dropped to us. The fall among the trees had bent the whole framework; viewed from the front, it heeled over at the ridiculous angle of twenty degrees from the vertical. However, it gallantly defied this handicap and continued to function admirably for transport work, though it was unfit for mounting with machine-guns like the other jeep.

We were installed in our camp by 4.30 p.m.

I had asked for another supply drop of two jeeps and five men to arrive that night. The same DZ had been used twice running, and the Germans might be getting suspicious, so we decided on one three miles away. It was a long rectangular field of corn stubble.

A second-class road ran along one end of it and just over a hill one and a half miles off was a main road busy with Germans. It was not a perfect dropping zone, but our only alternative big enough for receiving jeeps.

Bob stayed in camp for the night, and it became my turn to show the DZ drill to Stewart. The first jeep landed with a splintering crash among some young trees, and the second thumped down smack on top of a fire—smothering it, luckily, and not catching alight.

We were getting it out of its crate, preparatory to driving it off, and men, leg-bags and containers were being hurried away to waiting lorries, when a frantic shout came from the road.

One of Chevrier's men ran up. "Quick!" he panted. "The jeep with machine-guns!"

I grabbed him. "What's happened?"

"White Russians are coming!"

White Russians. My stomach went cold. We were in no position to put up much of a fight. The jeep with machine-guns pulled up beside me, Stewart at the wheel. We raced across the stubble towards the road. Frenchmen with Stens and S.A.S. men with carbines ran after us. Those who could jumped aboard and hung on precariously.

Fear left me. I had decided what to do. "Stop under those trees," I said. The guns of the jeep thus pointed at the approaching headlights. The men dived into a ditch alongside the road. Two of the French who had a Bren darted up the ditch for fifty yards to take the enemy in the rear when we had opened fire.

Our target was a battered old motor-coach. As it rushed towards us I prayed that none of its occupants would notice the two Frenchmen. When it passed them I held my breath and my finger tightened on the trigger of my machine-gun.

Suddenly the two men rose to their feet. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" they cried. "It's the French Forces of the Interior!"

The coach skidded to a halt. Dazed by such a dramatic turn of events, we stood up cautiously, wondering if perhaps we were victims of a trick. But I saw that the coach was in fact full of steel-helmeted members of the F.F.I.—the Resistance army mustered inside France and led by General Koenig. They were jammed in their seats, rifles between their knees and unable to move, looking very scared. They thought that they had run into a German ambush.

It transpired that the group had been moved into our area to protect our parachute deliveries.

"No one told us," I protested.

Their driver shrugged: "We thought you knew."

For the first, but not the last time I understood that liaison between Allied forces in France could have dangerous lapses in efficiency.

The F.F.I. men went on to their headquarters at Sommecaise, four miles away, and we finished tidying up the DZ. Dawn was half an hour away. We worked feverishly.

When the last lorry had been dispatched, three containers were unaccounted for. We realized that they must have landed on a hill near the main road. They had to be found. If a passing German convoy noticed them there would immediately be a sweep of the area. German manhunts, I had heard from Chevrier, were terrifyingly thorough. Troops searched the forest with flame-throwers.

Seven of us stayed to look for the containers. It was now broad daylight and we had to be doubly alert. Luckily, we soon found them. Ridler took them and three men back to camp in his jeep, while McDiarmid, a Maquis officer and I remained and hid in a wood, waiting to be picked up later.

I lit a cigarette and gazed from the hill at a magnificent scene of rural tranquillity. Smoke wreathed up from the chimney of a farmhouse, and a woman paused at the open doorway in the sparkling sun. Every sign of our night's operation had been removed—or so it seemed.

McDiarmid whispered: "Here comes Ridler."

The jeep arrived at top speed, a flurry of dust spinning behind it. Ridler's face was grim. "There's a chute still in a tree near the DZ," he said. "It can be seen for miles."

Driving back over the stubble and feeling enormously conspicuous without the cover of darkness, we ran into an adjoining forest and saw the canopy spread out over our heads. We pulled at the rigging lines like madmen, but they refused to budge.

Ridler eyed the chute thoughtfully. "We'll have to burn it."

We splashed it with petrol and struck a match. The silk crackled in a vast flame and vanished almost instantaneously. We were admiring our handiwork when we heard the ponderous rumble of a tracked vehicle coming down the road.

It was certain to be German. Few vehicles of that type were in the hands of the Maquis and, anyway, they were seldom driven on road in daylight.

We tore back to camp in the jeep, disappointed that we could not tackle the enemy because of our orders to lie low.

Including Bob's little party, we now totalled nineteen men and had four vehicles. Further supplies of petrol, ammunition and food were dropped nightly. By day we took it in turns to work in the camp, unpacking containers, cleaning weapons and doing maintenance on the jeeps. Each jeep had been fitted with three extra fuel tanks, giving it a range of nine hundred miles on a single filling of forty-eight gallons.

ANGER—3

Beware the fury of a patient man.

John Dryden

Our patrols yielded worthwhile results. Doing our utmost to keep out of sight, we kept a close watch on local roads and villages. This, with information from the Maquis, gave a picture of German troop movements, road blocks, defence posts and so on which was sent to London.

Then one morning our camp was invaded.

I looked up from under the bonnet of my jeep to see Bob in earnest conversation with a man in dark-blue uniform. The sound of an engine was in the distance. Everyone else heard it, and we snatched up our carbines. A motor-cycle spluttered into the clearing, its rider also in blue. Within minutes we were the centre of nearly seventy blue-uniformed men.

I learned from Bob that they were gendarmes. Their chief, to whom he was talking, had said that they had been given twenty-four hours to join the German Army or be shot.

"Their chief let it be known that he was going into the forest instead," Bob continued, waving a despairing hand at our visitors, "and, of course, they followed him. The damned fools coming here in daylight have probably given our position away."

There was only one thing for it. We would have to move again.

I sent a signal to London describing the situation and asking for arms and ammunition to be dropped for the gendarmes. With that I felt that my responsibility towards them had ended. No doubt the majority of them were excellent men and loyal, but I had to remember that their entry into the forest was hardly from choice. If an informer was among them we would be betrayed.

After an early breakfast Bob and I set off at dawn the following day to find a new camp site.

By 11 a.m. we had covered a lot of ground without success. Dusty and dishevelled, we were lying on our stomachs in a copse bordering a road, watching German traffic pass, when I remarked that I was thirsty.

"So am I," said Bob. He jerked his head. "We'll try to get a drink at that farmhouse."

He pushed open the back door. The buxom farmer's wife was alone. Apparently she knew that British parachutists were in the district, for she welcomed us without a flicker of surprise. She took us into the kitchen and poured out two glasses of red wine.

I was content to sit back while Bob chatted to her.

Suddenly we heard the noise of lorries. The woman ran to the front-room windows and peered out, her hand to her mouth.

"It's a convoy of German soldiers. They're stopping here."

We gulped our wine and bolted out of the back door into the yard—taking our glasses, the evidence of our visit, with us.

"Behind the compost heap," said Bob. As we flung ourselves down, five lorries halted outside the house. Automatics in hand, we prepared to fight.

There was an imperious knock. The woman smoothed her apron and opened the front door.

Snatches of her conversation showed that the Germans had lost their way. She directed them with icy politeness and, mercifully, did not betray us in any way at all.

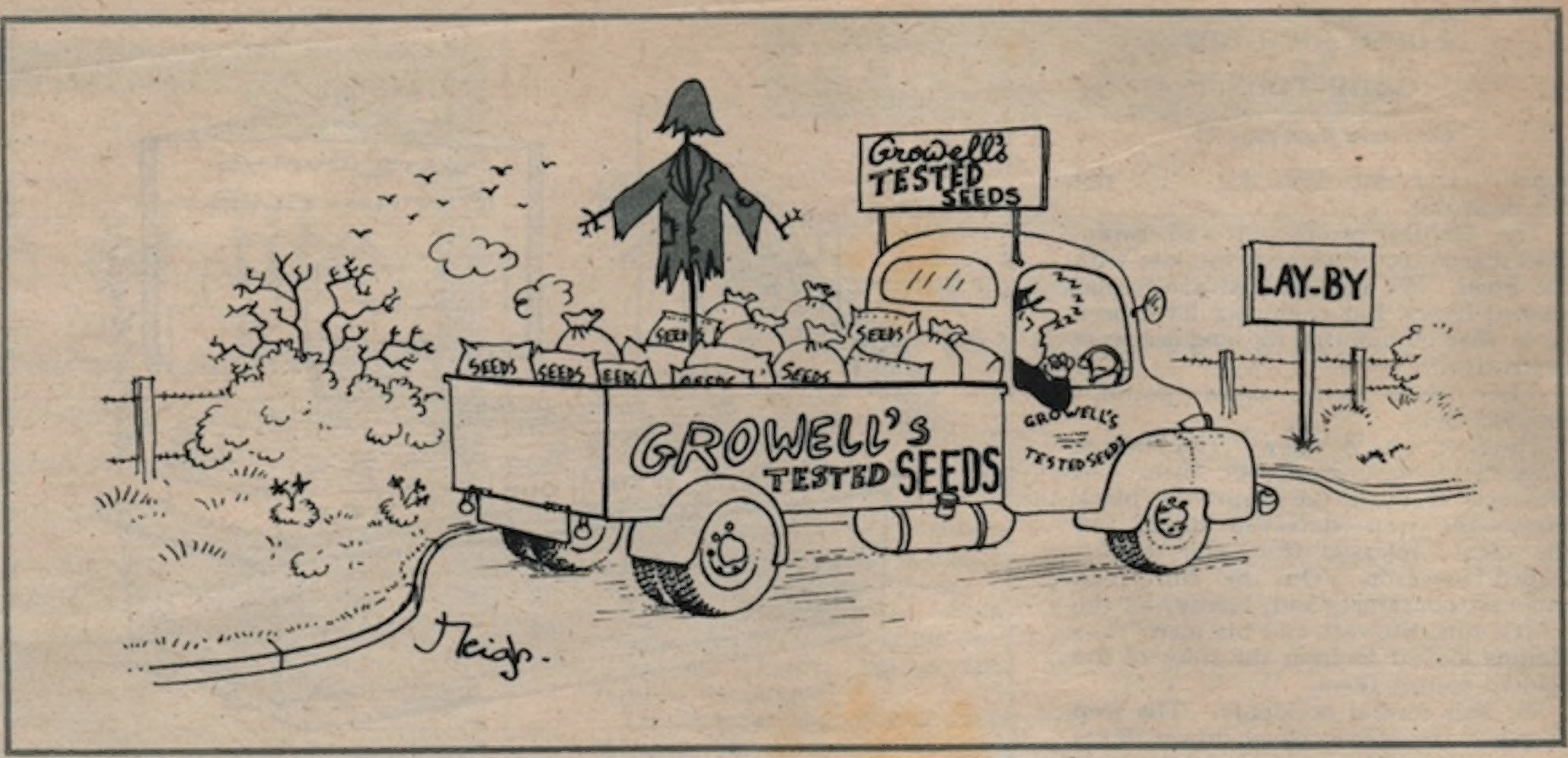
When the convoy had gone we extricated ourselves from the compost. Smelling abominably, we paid for the wine and thanked her for saving our lives.

At noon we came across a suitable camp site, a mile from the existing one. Tree-hidden tracks for jeeps led up to it. The only drawback was the absence of water. Undoubtedly we could have got water from a neighbouring farmhouse, but we knew that the farmer and his family would be executed if the Germans connected them with us. We decided to send a jeep every morning to the spring near our first camp.

Then we had the embarrassing job of packing our belongings while the gendarmes watched pleadingly, like children being deserted by their parents on the first day of school. But we firmly side-stepped questions about our intentions and drove away, arriving at the new camp at 3 p.m.

I resolved that when I had to link up with the airborne landing I would send the jeeps by different routes, my theory being that one of them, at least, would be sure to get through. I had no illusions as to what our fate would be if any of us were captured.

Recent arrivals from Fairford had reported that an S.A.S. base in the Poitiers area had been attacked by five hundred Germans. Thirty-three men were taken prisoner. With one exception, they were executed as spies and terrorists. A wounded officer was dragged to the nearest village and the inhabitants were forced to watch him



being clubbed to death with rifle butts.

Bob had news for me. "I have seen Commandant Roger," he said. "He runs the F.F.I. group you met last night—altogether, they are about battalion strength—and says that he has orders to start offensive operations at once."

I was staggered. The success of our entire mission was in danger. "He can't do that," I said. "What hope would we have of linking up with the landing? We shall have thousands of Germans here."

"I know. I've said that we will meet him this evening. He promised not to do anything before then."

Roger was truly French, fond of the theatrical. He arranged for the meeting to be held at a lonely, ruined house at a cross roads. As we drove to the rendezvous I thought how tricky the discussions were going to be since the landing could not be mentioned even to Resistance men.

We were the first to arrive. In case there was some trap we drove right past the house with our guns trained on it. We stopped on the brow of the next hill and looked round with field glasses. Our suspicions gone, we went back to the house and swung up the grass-covered drive.

Bob and I went into the back garden, where weeds had grown four feet high, and settled down to wait.

Five minutes later we heard a rustling in a hedgerow. There was a low whistle and a head appeared. It was one of Roger's scouts. He signalled with his arm and a black Citroën drew up. Out of it stepped Commandant Roger, tall, thick set and ruddy complexioned, in the company of two uniformed Americans. They were serving with the F.F.I. as liaison officers in the same way that Britons had helped to organize the Maquis.

Squatting in a circle among the weeds, we began our talk.

Roger and Bob engaged in a fast exchange in French which I could not follow. Then one of the Americans, a pale, thin-faced individual with rimless spectacles, drawled at me: "Our orders to stir up trouble come from General Koenig."

"That may be," I argued, "but *my* instructions are not to attract attention."

The American stared at me hard. "Are your orders more vital than ours?"

"Definitely."

Roger was interested. He seemed to sense that I was hiding something. "What, exactly, are your plans?" he asked.

I hesitated. If I told him about the landing he would appreciate my motives well enough, but the secrecy of the scheme had to be preserved at all costs.

"I cannot reveal details," I said.

Roger and the American glanced at each other. There was rapid talk in French, a pause and more talk.

Finally, to my intense satisfaction, the American said: "Fair enough. We accept what you say. We won't act until you do."

The Citroën drew up again. The three of them got in and went off to Sommecaise. Bob and I returned to camp, thankful that disaster had been averted.

As it happened, our worry and effort had been for nothing. A message from London announced that the landing had been cancelled. Too many enemy troops were in the vicinity.

Immediately, I radioed asking to do what Roger had wanted and come out in the open. I received permission the same afternoon.

Germans were encountered the next day.

I got back from tidying up a DZ to learn that two enemy airmen were being held prisoner in Chevrier's camp. They were the sole survivors of a plane which had crashed in a field on the far side of Toucy, about four and a half miles away.

As soon as Bob had heard the news he had left in a jeep to search the wreckage in case it contained documents.

I jumped into my own jeep and, with "Curly" Hall driving, chased him to give support.

We had passed through Toucy when we knew that Bob had run into trouble. From the top of a hill, behind some trees, came the noise of shots. Hall pressed the accelerator. My eyes fixed on the road ahead, I took off the safety catch of my machine-gun.

NEXT WEEK: We cripple the enemy with hit-and-run raids

Selling through the nose

Continued from page 15

and camphor, lavender and acetic acid.

In most cases, Kingston has to make hundreds of experiments before arriving at a satisfactory masking odour.

It took him two years to produce a suitable reodorant for cold perms, which are based on sulphur products with a particularly offensive odour. He began by making 450 compounds which he thought might neutralize the smell.

He discarded at once those which showed some chemical reaction, such as change of colour or cloudiness, when added to the cold-perm liquid, and those which failed to mask the unpleasant odour. The remainder he tested for stability. Would they survive the long storage? In some cases the unpleasant odour reasserted itself after a few weeks, in others the mixture crystallized in cold weather, in yet others the mixture showed a tendency to turn purple after several months.

All these were discarded. After eighteen months, Kingston had reduced the 450 compounds to six. These six, each with a slightly different odour to meet manufacturers' preferences, were given further temperature and storage tests before being sent out.

"The job is made more difficult because it is an important sales point to leave the product with an odour suitable to it," says Kingston. "When a housewife has long associated a certain odour with a certain thing—bleaches are a good example—it is unwise to change the character of the odour altogether. She thinks she's not getting the right thing."

Kingston finds that he can give insecticides for domestic use a pleasant smell, but it is no use trying to sell a farmer pesticides or fertilizers that have a perfume. "Farmers invariably think that the stronger and more disgusting the odour, the more effective the product."

It has taken Kingston five years of experiment to produce a synthetic leather odour. His researches included the chemical extraction of one ton of leather to find the active principle in the smell. The reodorant he developed is now being used in many products made of plastics. "There's no real deception. Every woman can tell at a glance whether a handbag is made of plastic or genuine leather, but they seem to prefer it to smell of the real thing." Similar to the leather odour is a new-car odour which is proving very popular with second-hand car dealers.

Kingston prefers not to be associated with odour problems where there might be a real deception. One enterprising furniture manufacturer sent him a piece of wood with a letter saying: "This is ordinary deal. We have made it look like oak. Can you make it smell like oak?" Kingston thought he could, but he refused to try.

Some years ago, Kingston was approached by a plastics manufacturer who wanted a reodorant for his product. When the manufacturer had tested the sample Kingston sent him, he replied with a short note saying: "The factory smells like a florist's shop, but the product is just the same."

On visiting the factory, Kingston found that, due to the high temperatures involved in the manufacture of that plastic, the volatile odours were carried off into the air instead of remaining in the plastic as it cooled. He has since solved this problem.

ANGER—4

Do nothing in a furious passion; it's putting to sea in a storm.

Thomas Fuller

Kingston says that salesmen who hope to add odour attraction to their products are appealing to a sense far more acute than that of taste. The amount of an odorous substance needed to excite the sense of smell is almost unbelievable small. Some types of mercaptan, a liquid with the penetrating smell of garlic, can be detected in air in the ratio of one part in 460 million. Many substances can be smelled when their presence would not be revealed by any known chemical test. It takes a very small quantity of a suitable reodorant to have the desired effect. A few ounces will reodorize a hundred pounds of floor polish, an ounce will reodorize fifty gallons of paraffin for fly sprays.

Kingston points out that apart from making living and working conditions more pleasant, reodorants can have severely practical applications. During the war, agents parachuted into enemy territories were provided with substances which would throw dogs off their scent. An anti-shark odour was developed to impregnate the life-jackets of pilots and sailors.

Unpleasant reodorants, called stenching agents, are used as a form of warning, particularly with some dangerous gases which are naturally almost odourless. Calor gas and ordinary domestic gas are everyday examples. In America experiments have been made with warning systems based on the release of a powerful odour when certain parts of locomotive engines become dangerously overheated. The driver, who may be confused by noise and the number of light signals he has to interpret, is warned through his sense of smell.

There are several hazards in Kingston's job. He lists the chief as fire, explosion and poisoning. He uses a lot of ether in his work. This has a heavy vapour which can roll along a bench, down and across the floor and may be ignited as much as fifty feet from its source. Once one of his assistants poured some ether down a sink. When a workman threw a cigarette into the sink a few minutes later there was a violent explosion.

Kingston says the risk of poisoning is rather higher in his work than in most chemical laboratories, since before you can judge an odour you have to sniff it. He is now especially cautious about this. In an experiment some years ago he was preparing a cyanide compound. At one stage in the process there was a furious effervescence, and he assumed that he was obtaining carbon dioxide. A few minutes later he felt palpitations and a tightening of the muscles of the face and fingers. He realized then that he was inhaling prussic-acid vapour, a deadly poison. He revived after a few minutes in the open air.

Although he can claim to be one of the most experienced "noses" in the country, Kingston says that he never gets used to really offensive odours. "I still have to nerve myself to take the top off some bottles."

It was the repellent effect of a strong smell which prompted the publicity officer of a South African fishing village which wished to turn itself into a popular holiday resort to get in touch with Kingston. In hot weather a rich and noxious odour from the fishing boats tied up at the quay wafted along the front. Kingston recently sent them a concentrated form of a fish-glue reodorant.

Kingston, who is married and has two small boys, says his wife gets used to his arriving home smelling strongly of anything from perfume to fertilizer. "It's one of the minor risks of the job. It only needs a spot or two of jasmin essence to invite some waggish comments from a bus full of workmen."

One experiment showed him that there are some smells he cannot reodorize. He was making a compound which had a highly concentrated goat odour. He spilled some on his shoes, and as he didn't have a spare pair at the factory he had to wear them to go home.

"There were half a dozen people on the top deck of the bus when I got on," he says. "Two stops later I was alone, and the conductor took my fare holding his nose. I tried everything to get the smell off those shoes, but in the end I had to throw them away." THE END

HER FIRST SHOT

...scored £500!

RECOGNIZE the famous stars above? They are Kenneth MORE, Norman WISDOM, Bob HOPE and J. Robertson JUSTICE. They helped young Mrs. J. B. Buckland (right) of 22 Norris Street, Preston, to win £500 for her *very first shot* at *Bullets*. With their surnames alone she made this thoughtful *Bullet*: ON THE 1957 SCREEN—"MORE" "WISDOM," "HOPE," "JUSTICE"?

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Work In Plenty
In Sunny Bermuda
Spring, The Artist
Storm In The House
To Cut The Price
Go Steady And
Friends Again
Girl I'm Sorry For
Those Cyclists
Snatched Away
Better Be Good
Now He's At School
Shrinking
The New Foreman
Knocked On The Head
Doing Her Best
Red-hot News
Went With A Swing
If Dad Emigrated

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Hole In The.....................
Under The Red..................
Back To............................
Struggling With...............
Fewer...............................
In .... Footsteps

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£25: Mrs. E. M. Wright, "May-jon," 29 Phyllis Avenue, Peacehaven: HOMELESS—HELP ALONG—HELP *Belong*!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. E. Whittle, 93 Rivington Avenue, Bispham, Blackpool: ON THE 1957 VOYAGE—TOO *Hot* TO RELAX! £9: Mrs. M. A. Cunningham, 70 Leighton Street, Ruchill, Glasgow: WHAT COMMONWEALTH STANDS FOR—"DRAW UP CHAIR, GHANA!" £8: Mrs. M. Swaffer, 112 Sandringham Road, Watford: TO GET SONG OUT OF IT—SING—LIFE ISN'T JUKE-BOX! £7: J. Chilton, 12 Selbourne Terrace, Cambois, Blyth, Northumberland: DAD'S GENEVIEVE—"BE-BOPS"—*Moderns* WALTZ PAST! £6: P. H. Mahalski, 7 Walpole Road, Twickenham: ON THE 1957 VOYAGE—GOOD WINDS—OR "GOODWINS"? £5: S. Lay, 3 Norris Terrace, Gossoms End, Berkhamsted: DAD'S GENEVIEVE—KNOCKING—EVERY DOOR OPENING! £5: Mrs. A. Smith, 11 Bridge Street, Silsden, Yorks: REMEMBER HUNGARY AND—SUBSCRIBE *Jobs'* QUOTA, MINERS!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 30 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 new 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per *Bullet*. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated April 20), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, April 6, for early news of No. 2,082 result.)

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B
EX. ....
B
EX. ....
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EX. ....
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B

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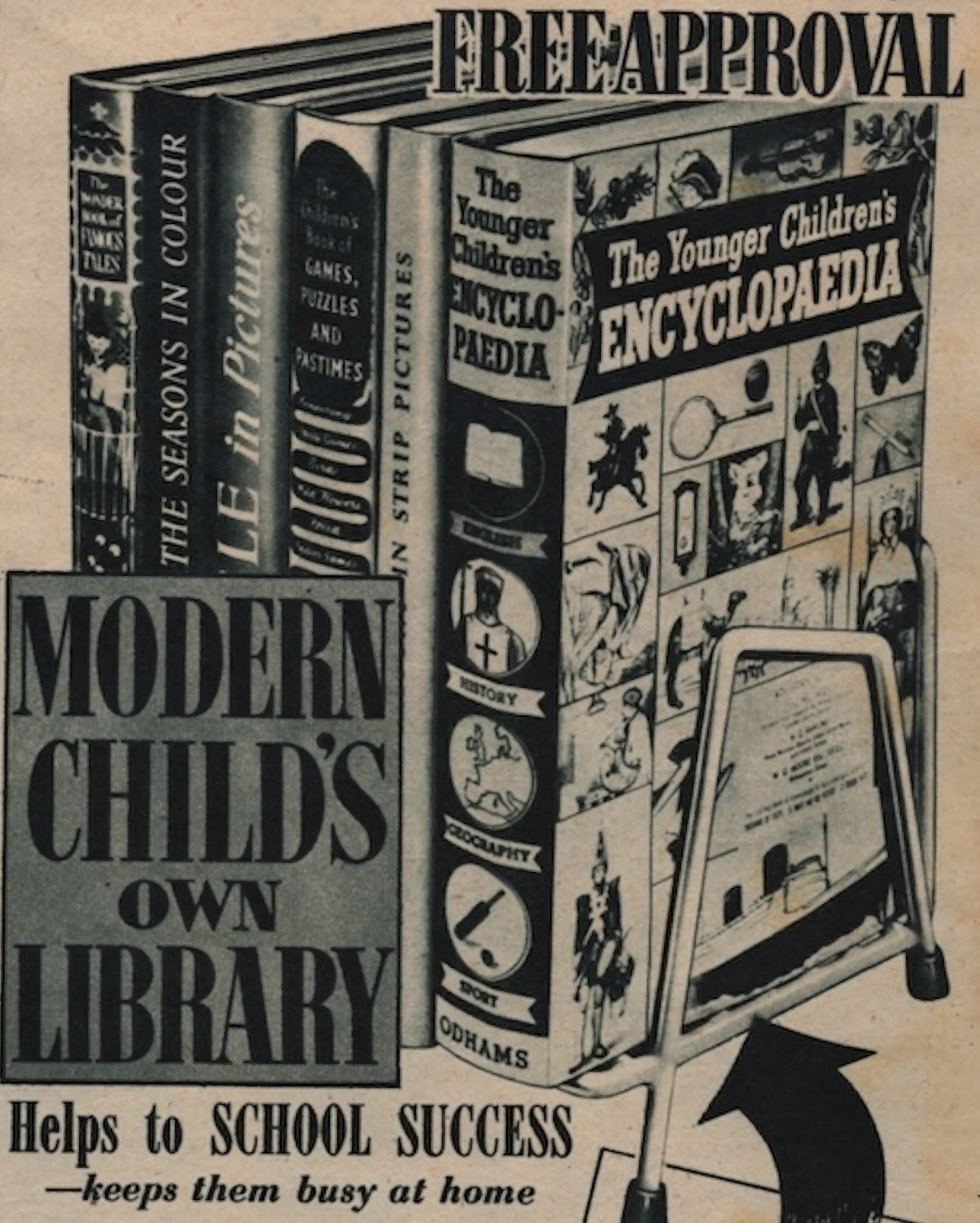
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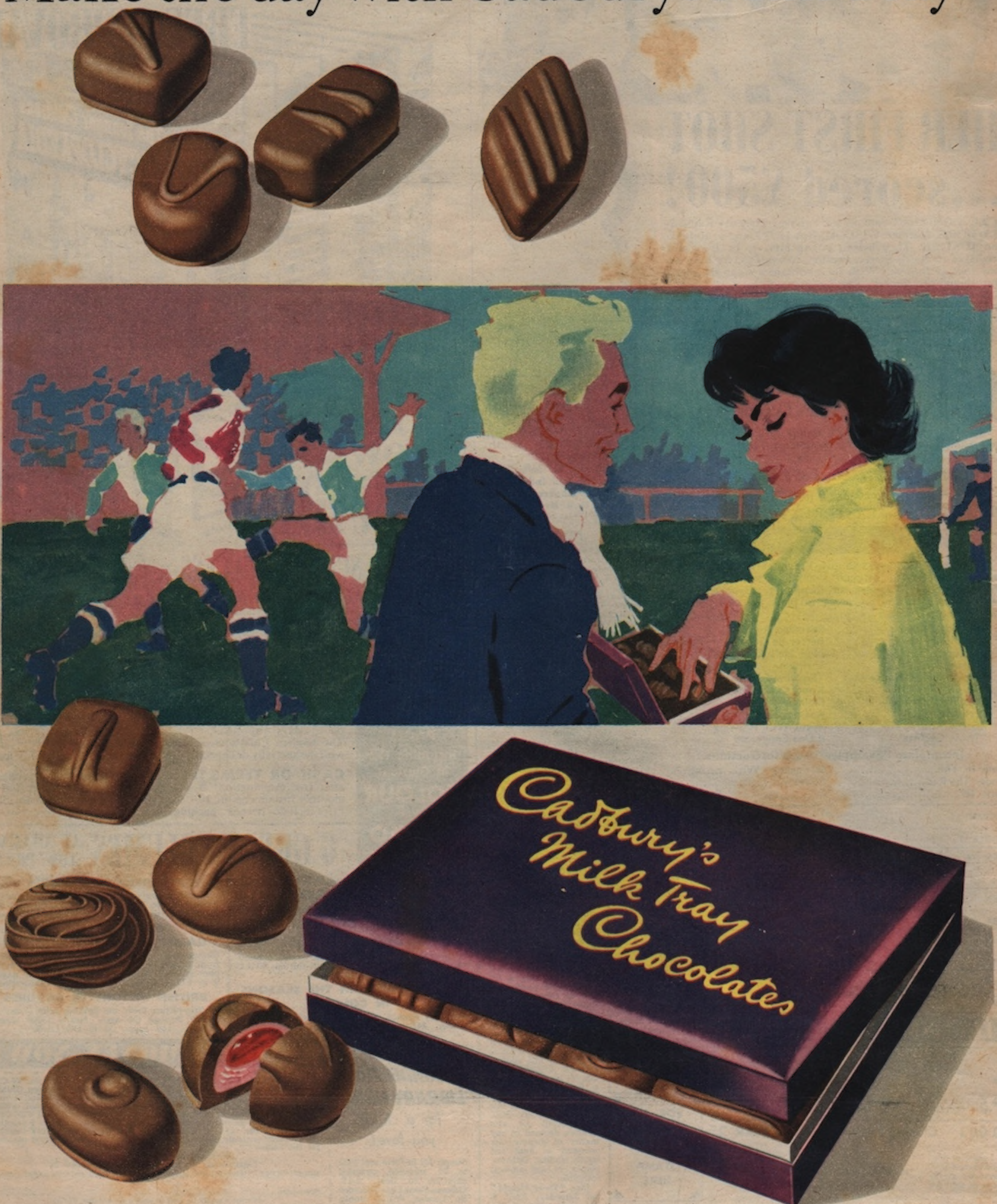
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